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Ponnuru on Bauer vs. Forbes

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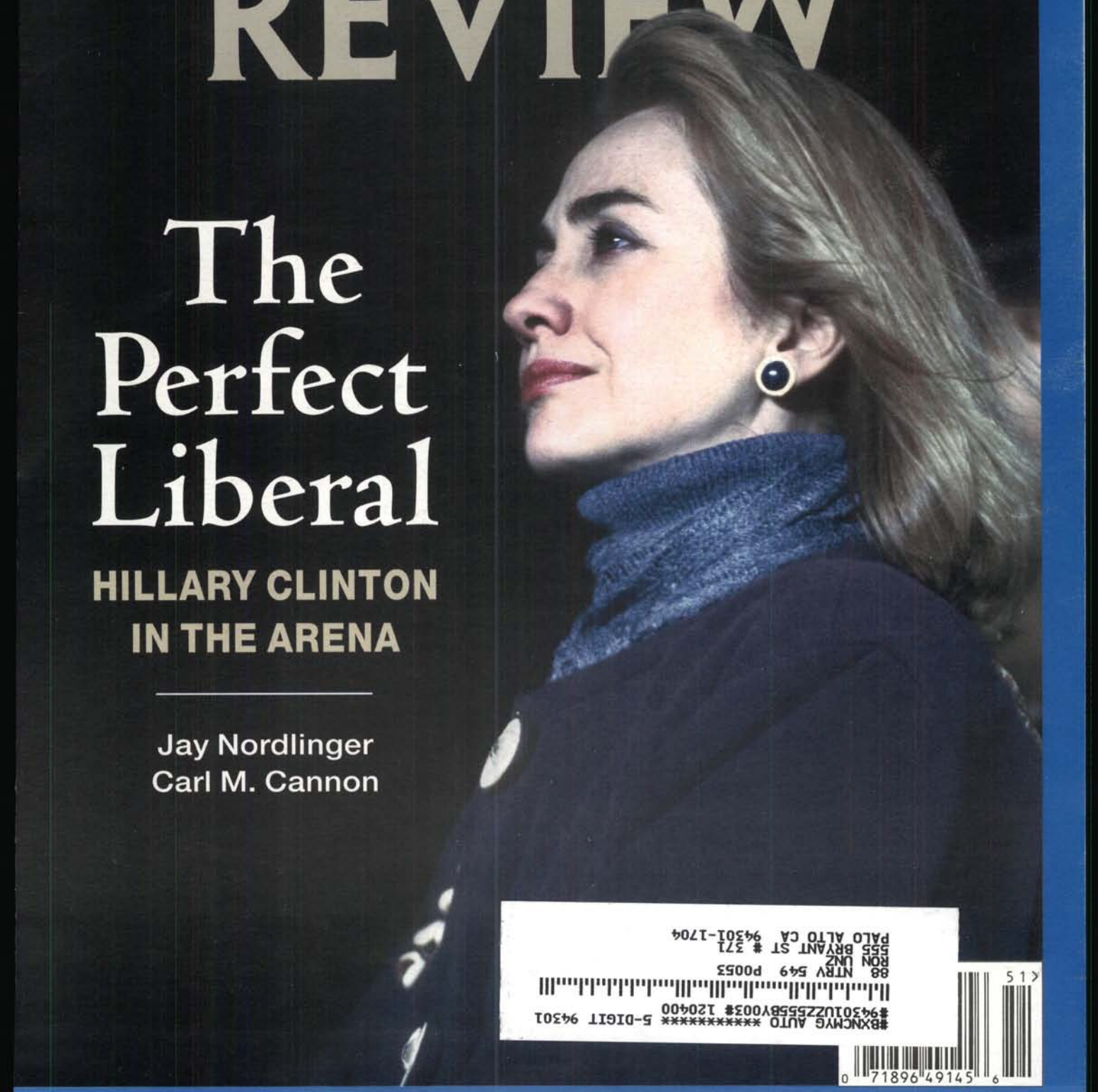

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Issues in Health Care

Drug expenditures: Take off the green eyeshades.

by Alan F. Holmer

With much wringing of hands and gnashing of teeth, a Greek chorus of managed care executives is chanting a recurrent refrain: Prescription drug costs are spiraling out of control. Customers are demanding treatments that will raise their quality of life and keep them out of hospitals. What happened to the "good old days," when there simply were no treatments for conditions that pharmaceuticals can manage today, when patients either died—the cheapest outcome—or bit their lips and did without?

Drug expenditures were decidedly lower in those days—and so were life expectancy and the quality of life. Now medicines enable arthritis patients to go to work and take care of their families, lower blood pressure and prevent heart attacks and strokes, and help millions of people get on with their lives. Doesn't the incomparably greater value that medicines give today warrant spending more on them?

To patients and their families, this is a "no brainer." Take my own family. My son and daughter have cystic fibrosis. When they were born, the life expectancy for people with this genetic disease was about 18. Today, thanks to breakthrough medicines developed within my children's lifetime, life expectancy has doubled. Yes, the health care system is spending more on medicines for cystic fibrosis, but for patients and their families, the value of these drugs is beyond rubies.

Managed care executives seem unable to see beyond the narrow confines of their ledgers. They are so tightly focused on drug budgets that they often fail to see the value of increased drug utilization—both for patients and for health care's bottom line.

In many cases, innovative medicines save money. Stroke is a good example. The third leading killer of Americans, stroke costs more than $45 billion a year, in treatment expenditures and loss of earnings—in addition to enormous human costs. But clot-busting medicines are revolutionizing stroke treatment, yielding economic and human savings. A study found that treating stroke patients promptly with a clot-busting medicine nets average savings of $4,400 per patient by reducing the need for hospitalization, rehabilitation, and nursing home care. The National Institutes of Health estimates that greater use of this medicine could save more than $100 million a year. For patients and their families, the drug means being saved from the agony of permanent brain damage.

If we can keep up the momentum of research, we may be able to reduce the $100 billion annual cost of Alzheimer's disease—which is expected to triple by the middle of the next century—unless we come up with a cure. Fortunately, pharmaceutical companies are researching 23 new medicines for Alzheimer's, and researchers at one company recently identified a key enzyme in the disease.

Not all innovations will save dollars. Some promising cancer research, centers on medicines that may be able to turn cancer into a manageable disease—one that would require lifetime treatment with innovative medicines. While this would be wonderful news for anyone who has—or will ever get—cancer, the economic implications could cause heartburn in managed care executives.

Perhaps it's time to stop listening to the doomsday dirges of the insurance industry. The explosion in pharmaceutical innovation is good news, not bad. Health care has undergone a sea change—the hospital bed and the surgeon's knife are no longer its primary tools. They've been eclipsed by pharmaceutical therapies that open a whole new world of hope for better, healthier lives. Our thinking needs to undergo a sea change too—if we want to realize these hopes. We need to encourage the research that will lead to more innovative medicines, not discourage it with pound-foolish laments about spiraling drug costs. The future of health care is too important to be left to the folks with the green eyeshades.

PhRMA

Alan F. Holmer is President of the Pharmaceutical Research and Manufacturers of America, which represents the country's leading research-based pharmaceutical and biotechnology companies.

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■ LETTERS ■

POST-SCANDAL HILLSDALE

"Horror at Hillsdale" (by John J. Miller, Dec. 6) is the most informative article to come out of the recent scandal surrounding George Roche's retirement from the college (where I am a senior). Although I do not wish to comment on the gruesome details of Dr. Roche's conduct, I would like to note that this "model for how higher education should work" still stands without him. What happened is sad, but it is no reason to dismiss Hillsdale College, as many newspapers did in the wake of the scandal. Reporters have mocked Hillsdale's limited dormitory-visitation policy, refusal to supply birth control at the college-sponsored health center, and the hypocrisy of its president. It cannot be forgotten, however, that before Dr. Roche arrived in this sleepy town, the college was nothing. He removed poor faculty, attracted donors, and made Hillsdale independent of the greedy hand of government. He built up this school and filled it with people committed to the college. Hillsdale can move beyond this scandal, and I would like to thank NATIONAL REVIEW for recognizing this.

Sharon Sullivan
Hillsdale, Mich.

John J. Miller's article about my alma mater leaves me with two questions: (1) How does listing the gruesome details about a personal tragedy make NR different from "If it bleeds, it leads" tabloids? (2) How does publishing this article help the conservative movement, which, I have always assumed, is the purpose of your enterprise?

Eric Leutheuser
Hillsdale, Mich.

THE DECLARATION AS FOUNDATION

I am more grateful than I can easily say for Michael Potemra's favorable review of my *Storm Over the Constitution* ("Born on the 4th of July," Nov. 22). I would have been even more grateful if he had given your readers a better idea of the substance of my argument. He writes:

> No matter whether the Declaration is a binding expression of our country's law, it is without doubt the highest expression of its mind.

My intention in writing the book was to prove, by unbreakable logic, that the Declaration of Independence was a necessary foundation for a jurisprudence of original intent, which conservatives generally admit to be the only ground upon which liberal judicial activism can be challenged and defeated. Here, however, is what original intent is held to mean, by no less an authority than Chief Justice Rehnquist. If, he says, a democratic society

> adopts a constitution and incorporates in that constitution safeguards for individual liberty, these safeguards do indeed take on a generalized moral rightness or goodness. They assume a general social acceptance neither because of any intrinsic worth nor because of any unique origins in someone's idea of natural justice but instead simply because they have been incorporated in a constitution by the people.

We see here the intransigent relativism that declares individual liberty does not have "any intrinsic worth." The Constitution of 1787 did indeed incorporate safeguards for individual liberty. It also incorporated safeguards for slavery. From these premises the safeguards of individual liberty and the safeguards of slavery—which were adopted by the same people at the same time—took on the identical "moral rightness or goodness." This is the conception of original intent that the antebellum South learned from John C. Calhoun. It is the reason that liberals reject original intent. It is the reason that conservatives are losing the battle over the Constitution.

I have shown, contra Rehnquist and his followers, that, as did those who framed and ratified the original Constitution, one must distinguish its principles from its compromises. Once this is done, the equal-protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment takes on an entirely different meaning. It is one that would negate nearly all of the activist liberal opinions now current. But our conservative jurists would rather go down to defeat with moral relativism than concede any truth to the moral realism of "the laws of nature and of nature's God."

Harry V. Jaffa
Claremont, Calif.

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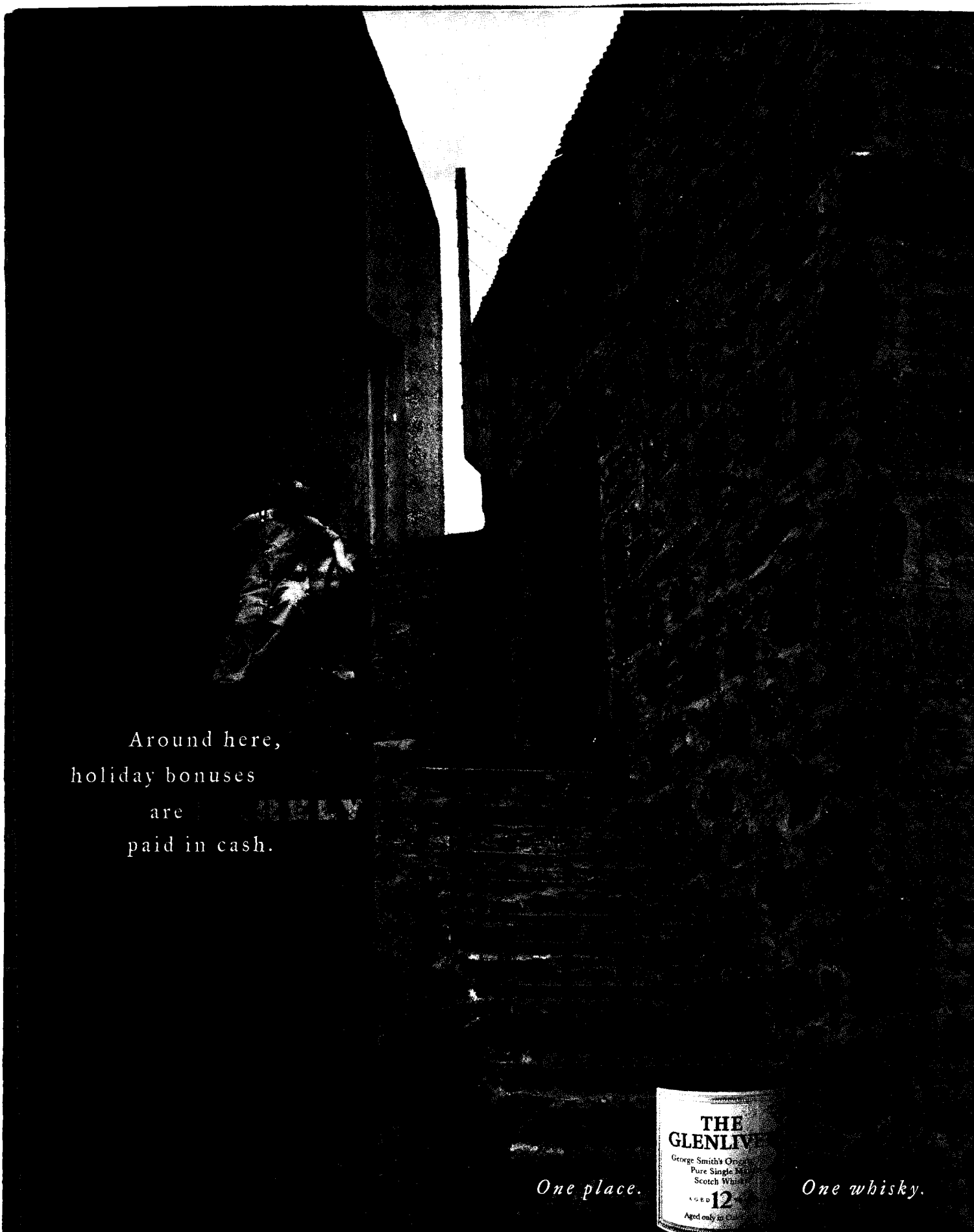

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■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ At state dinner in Bulgaria attended by President **Clinton**, President **Petar Stoyanov** delivers toast by reading from **Whitman**'s *Leaves of Grass*. . . . **Roger Clinton**, presidential half-brother, plans to perform at concert in North Korea and donate fee to charity.

■ In Quinnipiac College poll, **George W. Bush** leads Vice President **Gore** (46 percent to 41 percent) but trails **Bill Bradley** (41 percent to 46 percent). Sen. **John McCain** leads both Gore (53 percent to 34 percent) and Bradley (43 percent to 36 percent). . . . In *Hotline*'s survey of state polls, Bush currently leads Gore in 29 states for an electoral vote of 353, with Gore leading in 4 states worth 52 electoral votes (270 needed to win). . . . *Hotline* poll asks likely voters to pick running mates for Gore and Bush. Among Democrats, Bradley leads (24 percent), followed by **Jesse Jackson** (11 percent) and House minority leader **Dick Gephardt** (10 percent). For GOP, **Elizabeth Dole** finishes first (31 percent), with McCain (14 percent) and N.J. Gov. **Christine Whitman** (7 percent) second and third. . . . McCain, on budget agreement: "a scathing, unconscionable depiction of the way we do business in Washington." . . . "John [McCain] is weakest," says unnamed former associate in *Washington Post*, "where they know him best—in the Senate and at home" in Arizona. . . . Clinton lawyer **Robert S. Bennett** and private eye **Terry Lenzner** host fundraiser for Bill Bradley. . . . Gore campaign manager **Donna Brazile**, in *Washington Post*: "A white-boy attitude is, 'I must exclude, denigrate, and leave behind.' "

■ *Slate*'s **Jacob Weisberg** on new George W. Bush autobiography: "Autobiography can't help revealing something about a person, and even this worthless placeholder of a book is telling in its way. What it indicates is that Dubya is not only the lightest of intellectual lightweights, but a fundamentally cavalier and unserious person." . . . Teamsters' **Jimmy Hoffa** on **Pat Buchanan**, on *Fox News Sunday*: "We're looking at him, but I think because of other ideas, we're probably not going to endorse him." . . . Heritage Foundation will publish four-volume *Mandate for Leadership 2000*. . . . Energy secretary **Bill Richardson**, while visiting home state of New Mexico: "Eventually I would like to return here and run for one more statewide office, most likely governor." . . . Federal Election Commission fines Sen. **Russ Feingold** (D., Wis.), liberal hero of campaign-finance reform, $9,000 for violations. . . . Rep. **Tom Campbell** (R., Calif.) announces run for Senate, leaves behind open seat in Silicon Valley, considered a possible Democratic takeover. . . . Writer **Kenneth R. Timmerman** plans to challenge Sen. **Paul Sarbanes** (D., Md.) as Republican.

■ Federal spending slips below 20 percent of GDP for the first time in 25 years. . . . Florida approves "Choose Life" license plates, but National Organization for Women threatens lawsuit. . . . **Geraldo Rivera**: "Today's *Washington Post* [editorial] says . . . 'Mr. **Starr** should be remembered as a man who, hampered alike by intensely adverse conditions and by his own missteps, managed to perform a significant public service' . . . Missteps? What would the *Washington Post* call the Lincoln assassination? Missteps?" . . . Hsing-Hsing, 28-year-old panda at Washington's National Zoo and a gift from China during Nixon administration, is euthanized.

■ Intercollegiate Studies Institute publishes list of 50 best and 50 worst books of the century: Best is *The Education of Henry Adams* by Henry Adams, worst is *Coming of Age in Samoa* by Margaret Mead. . . . **Dr. Dre** tells *Newsweek* about inspiration behind new album: "I'm 34, married with daughters, and I wanted to show respect for the women in my life. But [my wife] encouraged me to go back to the 'bitches and hos.' She was like, 'That's the real Dre.'" . . . *Wall Street Journal* describes "a novel test, involving Lego blocks and lengthy personal interviews" to help boost enrollment of minorities with "below-average standardized test scores" at University of Michigan, Penn State, Rutgers, and six other schools.

■ Free Congress Foundation's **Paul M. Weyrich** and **William Lind**: "The Russian army in Chechnya is fighting for us, too, and for everyone who does not want to live under the oppression of Islam." . . . Ukraine becomes first European country to sue U.S. tobacco companies. . . . Oil prices hit highest level since Gulf War, with Saudi Arabian, Mexican, and Venezuelan oil ministers promising to maintain current output levels until next March. . . . CNN's **Christiane Amanpour** to **Mikhail Gorbachev**: "Mr. President, you are regarded by many people in this world as a hero for causing the end of tyranny and the collapse of Communism." . . . In Open Society Foundation poll, 61 percent of Romanians say they were better off under late Communist dictator **Nicolae Ceausescu**. . . . Irish teenagers twice as likely to have sampled heroin as most young Europeans, reports EU drug agency. . . . Labour Party wins New Zealand elections. . . . Emir of Bahrain invites **Pope John Paul II** to his country and says he hopes to establish diplomatic ties to Vatican. . . . Dutch plan to tear down old church wall, last remaining vestige of Pilgrims' stay in Netherlands, in urban-redevelopment plan.

■ Gore, in *Slate*, on visiting Microsoft headquarters: "Even though national-security policy didn't come up, I suggested that one crucial issue for voters to ponder is this: Whose finger do you want on the ALT-CONTROL-DELETE button?" Those are three buttons, of course. Gore makes mistake twice. **NR**

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THE WEEK

■ So George W. Bush can't name the president of India. Al Gore can't name the president of the United States.

■ DEPT. OF FOOLISH GESTURES: Speaking at a Cato Institute conference, Steve Forbes makes a show of throwing away his prepared text . . . written by Cato president Ed Crane.

■ Reports suggest that John McCain plans to cheat the (absurd and restrictive) spending caps for the New Hampshire primary. *Now* can McCain name a senator corrupted by the campaign-finance system?

■ McCain is the media's candidate, so it's fitting that the "smear campaign" against him is entirely a creature of the media's imagination. In a widely quoted *Washington Post* oped, Elizabeth Drew revealed the dastardly scheme: Republican senators were using "temper" as a "code word" to suggest that McCain is "unstable," "the subtext" being "that he returned from 5 1/2 years as a POW in North Vietnam with a loose screw." Drew adduced no evidence—nor does any seem to exist—that complaints about McCain's "temper" are motivated by anything other than the fact that the candidate occasionally flies off the handle when he's not schmoozing national journalists in the back of his campaign bus. Far from being a covert whispering campaign, the temper issue was first raised on the record to the *New York Times* by Arizona's Republican governor Jane Hull. The bright side? At least reporters have found an angry white male they feel compelled to defend.

■ In his November 19 foreign-policy address, Bush presented himself, in the tradition of Reagan, as a champion of both American interests and American ideals. It was a strategic-minded approach, stressing the importance of American strength, our relations with other major powers (China, Russia), and our bedrock alliances with Europe, Japan, Australia, and South Korea. Bush endorsed China's entry into the WTO, but forthrightly labeled China "a competitor, not a strategic partner." He called for greater consistency in policy toward Russia, support for democratic forces there, and the bolstering of Russia's neighbors as a hedge against a resurgence of Russian imperialism. He dismissed the late, unlamented Comprehensive Test Ban Treaty as the wrong approach to proliferation, while strongly backing missile defense. The speech was significant, not least for its subtle contrasts—more Reaganite than Bushian, yet more calibrated about what America can do to promote democracy and human rights than liberals and some neoconservatives might have wanted; sober but not strident about China; muscular in its proclamation of American leadership, yet prudent about military interventions abroad. What the speech was, in a word, is conservative.

■ How committed is Patrick Buchanan to ending abortion? He says he will not try to put a plank on the subject into the Reform party platform, and he became visibly annoyed when abortion came up after a recent speech on foreign policy at the Cato Institute. Buchanan reassures pro-lifers that he still supports the cause "in my heart." Who does he think he is, Mario Cuomo?

■ Donald Trump, statesman, in a ramble to columnist Maureen Dowd about politics, money, and how to pick up girls, offered some thoughts on the Declaration of Independence: "A lot of things play well in words—like 'All men are created equal'—that sound magnificent and beautiful, but that doesn't necessarily make them so." True, as a general proposition. But shouldn't a man who wants to run for president of a country dedicated to that particular proposition show more confidence in its truth?

■ Maybe not. Trump also said that coming from poor roots disqualifies one for higher office, which takes care of Lincoln.

■ After a deranged bum beat a 27-year-old woman newly moved to New York over the head with a paving stone, Mayor Giuliani ordered cops to keep homeless people from sleeping in the streets. "We offer them shelters," said police commissioner Howard Safir. "We offer them social services. . . . [But] if they refuse, we're going to make sure that they move along." Pro-bum liberals moved in, accusing the city of harassment. The real problem is a decades-long policy of deinstitutionalizing lunatics. Mayor Giuliani, having made Herculean efforts to make city life civilized, deserves thanks for his persistence.

■ Opponents of an initiative to kill Washington State's car tax outspent its supporters ten to one. The opponents had the backing of Democratic governor Gary Locke, the muscle of many of the state's biggest corporations and labor unions, and a full complement of scare tactics—they painted a grim picture of, among other things, gridlock and the elimination of 1,000 cops. But the initiative passed overwhelmingly, forcing opponents to move to Plan B. Transit workers have sued to block the initiative, and so has a community council,

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apparently on the theory that it should be illegal to require localities to tighten their belts. Expecting resistance from spendthrift lawmakers, supporters of the initiative included a provision requiring voter approval for all future tax and fee increases. Now Tim Eyman, the scrappy leader of the anti-tax cause, is planning another initiative that would roll back any taxes or fees rushed into law before the original one takes effect in January. The tax revolt lives—at least in the other Washington.

■ And in Tennessee too. On the morning of November 18, a multitude of Tennesseeans blared their car horns in response to a talk-radio-sponsored "Honk If You Hate the Income Tax" rally. For 15 minutes, irate taxpayers enveloped Nashville, the capital, in a steady and deafening noise. The source of their displeasure? A state-income-tax scheme concocted by Republican governor Don Sundquist. Polls show that by a three-to-one margin Tennesseans want to keep the state free of any income tax. Within hours of the rally, the state legislature adjourned without a vote, thus killing the income tax for now. Sundquist vows that he will try again next year. Tennessee doesn't need a new tax system; it does need a new governor.

■ Justice Department trustbusters have aggressively prosecuted Microsoft, a company that raised its output and reduced its prices. But not a peep has been heard out of the Clinton administration about OPEC, a truly coercive monopoly that has reduced energy output and sharply raised the cost of gasoline and home-heating fuel. In the U.S., retail prices at local gas pumps have already increased more than 50 percent, and costs may rise even more this winter. Already, the price hike in oil has led to higher inflation and interest rates, and a more volatile stock market. Mexico, though not a member of OPEC, has thrown in with the Arab states, despite a $50 billion U.S. bailout package that kept it afloat during a currency collapse five years ago. Kuwait and Saudi Arabia, of course, wouldn't even exist today as independent states were it not for the United States. Considering that worldwide oil-production costs average only $10 per barrel, market forces will eventually spur greater oil output from non-OPEC producers and bring down the current rigged price of $25 per barrel. In the meantime, as winter settles over Iowa and New Hampshire primary voters, former oilman George W. Bush and the other Republican presidential candidates should push for oil sales from the Strategic Petroleum Reserves to show OPEC how prices can go down as well as up.

■ The Russian military has now made clear that the purpose of the present campaign in Chechnya is ethnic cleansing. A permitted escape route has already encouraged 200,000 Chechens to flee into neighboring Ingushetia. Cities, towns, and villages are under sustained attack. Chechens who stay put can only expect to be killed. Their alleged crime is collaboration with Muslim fundamentalists. We have, of course, been here before. At the end of World War II, Stalin falsely accused the Chechens of collaboration with the German enemy, and ordered their deportation. The whole population—about 1 million men, women, and children—were rounded up, and by a horrible irony driven away in Studebaker trucks provided by the United States, and then further shoved into cattle trains to Siberia. About half survived. (Much good does it do the victims that they have been officially cleared of the charge of collaboration and "rehabilitated.") So, what to do now? Bombing Russia, Kosovo-style, is not an option. Presidents Clinton and Yeltsin exchanged complaints at their recent encounter in Istanbul, and that does no good either. Financial sanctions are available, though. The International Monetary Fund and the World Bank are currently negotiating their next multimillion-dollar loans to Russia, which would either support the military or free other funds for it. There may be no means actually to stop this latest ethnic cleansing, but to become its accomplice would be a lasting disgrace.

■ Amid the euphoria surrounding the formation of the all-party Northern Ireland Executive, three cautionary points should be borne in mind. The IRA has yet to surrender a single bullet; Northern Ireland's new minister of education is Martin McGuinness, whose hands are wet with innocent blood; and the executive is a coalition of enemies. Some members are the victims of attempted murder at the hands of other members. The executive is likely therefore to tremble on the verge of dissolution until all sides learn to trust one another—and, in particular, until the various Unionist groups are persuaded that Sinn Fein-IRA has genuinely and permanently chosen democracy over terrorism. Outsiders would be wise to demonstrate skepticism, too. Will the IRA decommission its arsenal, as the Good Friday Agreement stipulates, by the end of May 2000? Will the IRA and the Protestant paramilitaries halt the violence in "their own" sectarian enclaves? And will the Sinn Fein ministers in the executive cooperate fully with a security crackdown in the event one proves necessary? If not, then all Protestants and many Catholics will reject an agreement that installs unrepentant murderers in power over law-abiding citizens.

Hillary, Smoked Out

It wasn't like a stink bomb—
Unless by "stink" you mean
That kiss for Yasir's Missus;
No, it was like a scene
From one of Austen's novels
When suitors dangle till
The pater gives the girl a kick
Lest mother come down ill.

—W. H. von Dreele

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■ President Clinton was in Greece for only a day, but he managed to cast shame on decades of American policy. The United States, he said, "allowed its interest in prosecuting the Cold War" to prevail over its "obligations to support democracy" by backing the colonels who ruled the country from 1967 to 1974. The president understandably doesn't know much about the Cold War, since he was AWOL from it, but it began in Greece, with a 1944 mutiny of Communist sailors. Britain quelled the mutiny, but faced a full-scale rebellion, for which we assumed responsibility in 1947 under the Marshall Plan. Two decades later, the colonels staged their coup to preempt a move by left-wing officers. We dealt with them while they lasted—naturally enough, with the Warsaw Pact covering half the continent, and large Communist parties still active in Italy and France. Bill Clinton gets to accumulate frequent-flyer miles at the end of history only because of the efforts of his predecessors—including, in their own way, the Greek colonels.

■ Greece's long campaign for the return of the Elgin Marbles from the British Museum won a distinguished recruit in Clinton last week. The president, whose connoisseurship had previously been confined to more contemporary things of beauty, joined the chic international coalition of socialists, sentimental Hellenophiles, and multiculturalists who believe that Lord Elgin "stole" the marbles that bear his name. In fact, not only did he have export permission from the local Ottoman authorities, but he even had a firman from the sultan himself. Those who think that the Ottomans should not have been the local authorities have a quarrel with history. As it is, Elgin sold the marbles to the British government. If therefore the British Museum holds them wrongly, then no museum anywhere has legitimate title to cultural or religious artifacts removed from their original site. Bill Clinton does not believe that, of course. Nor does the Greek government, which would otherwise support the Turkish demand for the return of King Priam's Gold, which actually was stolen by the discoverer of Troy, Heinrich Schliemann, and is now in Moscow. Nor does Tony Blair, who nonetheless will probably yield to the fashionable clamor in a year or so, thus becoming the first statesman to give up and lose his marbles simultaneously.

■ China is expanding its missile complexes opposite Taiwan at a rapid pace, according to another scoop by Bill Gertz of the *Washington Times*. The U.S. Defense Intelligence Agency expects China to field a total of 200 intermediate-range missiles across the strait this year alone, and to add about 50 more per year, reaching a total of about 650 by 2005. Meanwhile, China has intensified its lobbying against any U.S. attempt to deploy anti-missile defenses for Taiwan. Wonder why?

■ The glorious and fantastical Quentin Crisp (born Denis Pratt) has died at age 90, and is being described in the press as a "gay icon." But no one was more at odds than he with the current gay agenda, which holds, more or less, that gayness is normal, just another "sexual orientation." Quentin Crisp celebrated his abnormality, wearing a white bouffant hairdo, ruffled silk shirts, a Trilby hat, and red-polished fingernails. Like Oscar Wilde, he was a gorgeous social clown, a walking green carnation. He called himself "the stately homo of England" and entitled his autobiography *The Naked Civil Servant*. Characters like him are refreshing comic relief. He wanted to be ridiculous, and he will be missed. R.I.P.

CAMPAIGN 2000

W.'s Tax Form

GEORGE W. BUSH took a major step toward reclaiming the tax issue for Republicans by proposing to cut income-tax rates for everyone. Unlike the congressional Republicans, Bush has been nervy enough to suggest cutting the top tax rates: He would replace the 39.6 and 36 percent rates with one 33 percent rate. The lowest tax rate, meanwhile, would drop from 15 to 10 percent. Bush would make some other bold moves as well: He would end the estate tax and the tax on Social Security benefits (which punishes senior citizens who work). And, as he had announced before, he would let families save up to $5,000 a year tax-free to finance their children's education.

The plan has two trouble spots. First, it doubles the child tax credit to $1,000. That would take 6 million families off the income-tax rolls entirely, which might burnish the governor's compassion credentials, but would not serve the long-term strategic interest of conservatives. Second, Bush tries to ameliorate the marriage penalty by providing a 10 percent deduction for two-earner couples. This policy would put single-earner couples at a disadvantage, which is why feminists originally proposed it. The social conservatives who have campaigned against the marriage penalty can hardly be pleased with this proposal.

The worst flaw in Bush's plan, however, is one of omission: There is nothing here about IRAs, 401(k)s, capital-gains taxes, or medical-savings accounts. The rise of the investor class is one of the most striking features of our economy, and a huge opportunity for Republicans. So far, Bush isn't talking to it.

TRADE

The Battle in Seattle

It is tempting to see the protests outside the World Trade Organization summit in Seattle as evidence of popular anxieties about trade. Such anxieties certainly exist, but they are muted by the present prosperity. The protests were, instead, evidence of the anxieties of the American Left. Hostility to trade is increasingly important to the Left, a cause that unites union leaders and campus environmentalists. The Left

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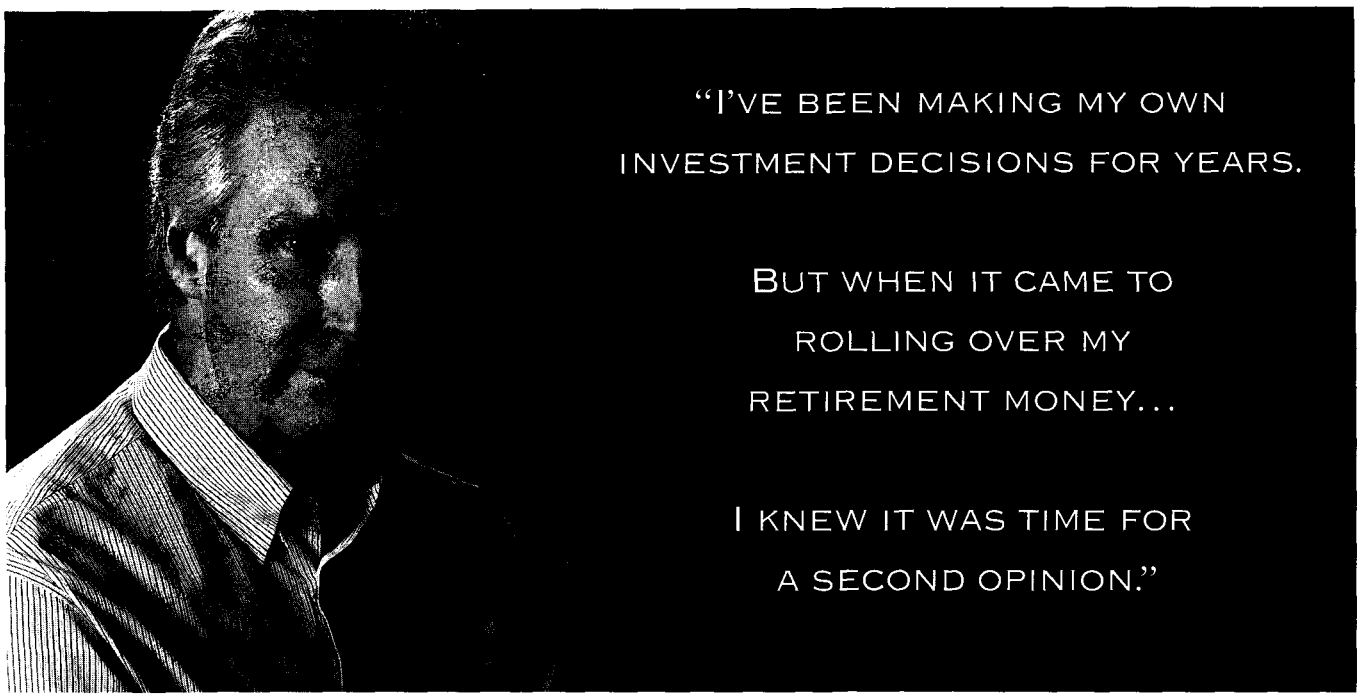
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RETIREMENT MONEY...
I KNEW IT WAS TIME FOR
A SECOND OPINION."

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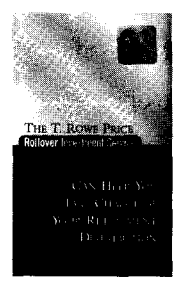

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blames trade for all kinds of evils—"The WTO Kills People," read a sign displayed by a group called Peoples' Global Action—but most of all for its own political weakness. In a world of quicksilver capital, it is hard for ambitious schemes of federal regulation to get very far. To the Left, a shadowy corporate conspiracy must be responsible; an obscure acronym such as the WTO fits the bill perfectly. The protestors insist they want only accountability, and they should get it: If they commit vandalism and mayhem, the appropriate response is jail time.

The Left's protectionism may have more serious consequences inside the convention hall than outside. The liberalization of trade since World War II, which has vastly increased the world's wealth, has depended on organizations such as the WTO—but even more on American leadership, especially presidential leadership. President Clinton is not supplying that leadership because the left wing of his party will not permit it. The momentum for free trade stalled when congressional protectionists, most of them Democrats, denied Clinton broad authority to negotiate trade deals in 1997. Now the administration refuses to make sweeping negotiating proposals for fear of offending the Left while Al Gore is courting it.

Worse, the administration is balking at giving up one of America's protectionist practices: the abuse of "antidumping" sanctions. Sanctions are justified as a way of preventing foreign companies from selling products to Americans below-cost to wipe out their competitors and then jack up prices. This is a dubious justification, since the dumping strategy has never been used successfully. In practice, the U.S. tends to impose sanctions when foreigners are merely selling products at a lower price than their competitors wish. These sanctions gouge American consumers. In addition, poor countries are increasingly following the bad example of America and Europe by imposing such sanctions against *our* producers.

Republicans should insist that America resume speaking for the interests of consumers and the economy as a whole, not narrow producer lobbies. American farmers would benefit from an end to Europe's agricultural protectionism; American consumers could pay less for peanuts, milk, and sugar if we lifted our own barriers. WTO procedures could usefully be changed, as well, so that countries that break the rules by imposing tariffs on some industry are not hit with retaliatory tariffs but are instead asked to reduce other tariffs.

Democrats want the WTO to address labor and environmental issues as well. They fear that otherwise we will face "unfair competition" from countries that ban unions or despoil the environment. But there is little evidence that free trade weakens labor or environmental standards, and much evidence that it strengthens them. The WTO cannot reasonably be asked to micromanage the domestic economic policies of member nations; that really would make it the undemocratic powerhouse its opponents claim it is now. America would face constant hectoring from Europe and Canada to adopt their even more restrictive labor laws. Wages will be raised not by international regulation but by economic growth—and the way to foster growth is to minimize the interference of governments with commerce.

HISTORY

Honorable Victors

AMERICA can't seem to understand the Cold War. This confusion, like so many others, is expressed by President Clinton. He wants to say that all Americans were united in fighting it (false: Many Americans, including young Bill Clinton, had lost heart with the Cold War by the time the endgame came around). At the same time, he loses no opportunity to apologize for actions we took, such as supporting the Greek colonels.

But the president is not alone. *The New York Times Magazine* recently ran a cover story with the dramatic headline, "The Rehabilitation of Joe McCarthy." The long piece, which spent relatively little time on McCarthy, sweated around a handful of writers who debate the role of the American Communist Party, and came to the equable conclusion that there is equivalent wrong on both sides: Some writers, such as Ellen Schrecker, deny that it did or stood for anything wrong, while other writers, such as Herb Romerstein and Ronald Radosh, spend too much time saying that it was wrong. Ultimately it's a matter of taste: Apologizing for Communism and *passionately* criticizing it both lack tone.

Judgments of style and proportion affect our understanding of actors such as the colonels, Joe McCarthy, or all those hamhanded South Vietnamese generals who cycled through the government between the fall of Diem and the fall of their country. Some of them could be criticized as ineffective anti-Communists (Whittaker Chambers's final verdict on McCarthy). But the *bien pensants* criticized them then, and criticize them still, primarily for being undemocratic, bullying, demagogic, or other things. The difference in judging them arises from an underlying difference in judgment as to what was the main event.

The Cold War was a war, hot enough in many places, and a world war. The Soviet Union and its agents sought to abolish, first our liberty to act in the world, ultimately our liberty at home. The central goal of American foreign policy, properly understood, was to repel this threat. No other foreign-policy problem from 1945 to 1991 was as important, and none since has been comparable.

Blurring this reality denies us a well-deserved sense of accomplishment: After all, we won. It leaves unscathed those still active in public life whose judgment was so wanting at the time (e.g., Bill Clinton). It encourages lazy assumptions about the projection of American power, which are most useful these days to liberal multilateralists (if sending troops to Grenada was okay, why not to Somalia?).

Americans don't have to understand every aspect of their past—who still loses sleep over the War of 1812? But as a new century begins, they should have clear notions about the second half of the last one.

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■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Have *you* ever run a marathon? Well, at NATIONAL REVIEW we are doing our bit by National Health. Jim Kilbridge, our chief financial officer, ran the New York Marathon on November 7 and finished with an excellent 3 hours, 16 minutes.

He has set a high standard, and procedure will now be to pick names of editors and employees from a hat. The winner will be expected to run next year and beat Kilbridge's time.

■ *The New York Landmarks Conservancy, founded in 1995, confers at an annual banquet "Living Landmarks" awards to New Yorkers identified with philanthropic, civic, and cultural enterprises. Presiding on November 3 was Ms. Liz Smith, the society columnist of the* New York Post. *The awards were to Anthony Drexel Duke, the philanthropist actively engaged in education for the disadvantaged; Andrew Heiskell, former chairman of Time Inc. and head of numerous civic organizations, and Mrs. Marian Sulzberger Heiskell, the head of other organizations similarly oriented; Harvey and Bob Weinstein, movie producers (e.g.,* Shakespeare in Love*); Peter Jennings, anchor of the ABC evening news and cultural entrepreneur in New York and Sag Harbor; and WFB and Mrs. Buckley, former head of the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum and sponsor of activities for the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Hospital and the Hospital for Special Surgery. In the audience were several recipients of the award in earlier years, including Mrs. Brooke Astor, primary patron of the New York Library, and Peter Duchin, musician, performer, and cultural activist. Peter Jennings managed to steal the show by arriving with a barbershop quartet that had won an international competition, to accompany his remarks. Moral: Do not travel without your own barbershop quartet. What follows are the remarks by WFB.*

Ladies and gentlemen:

I am most grateful to have been considered, along with my wife Pat, for so august an honor, and we wallow with pleasure and deference in such company as that of the Heiskells and Peter Jennings and Tony Duke and Harvey Weinstein. It would be nice as a gesture of solidarity among landmarks if the Heiskells could put us on the cover of *Time* magazine. Peter Jennings could devote a broadcast to my next book, and Harvey Weinstein could make a movie out of it. Those enterprises would be in the nature of conserving our landmark; and come to think of it, Brooke Astor could arrange for Christmas lights to decorate our apartment, very easy in her case because all she'd have to do is drip them down from her penthouse apartment in the same building.

President Breen, who has so wonderfully managed this occasion, suggested, in one of the sixty-five communications from her office, that it would be nice if I did something "unusual" in my response, citing as an example that Liz Smith, accompanied by Peter Duchin, had sung a song. Would I like to play something on the harpsichord? I told her that if I performed well on the harpsichord that would indeed be unusual, but perhaps not unusual enough.

As perhaps you have gathered from the snippet in the documentary, my ties to New York are historically long and emotionally ardent. I did my best to conserve New York and its landmarks by running for mayor thirty-five years ago, but the time was not right. I have been derided for having won only 13 percent of the vote. That appears small. But another way of looking at it is how frighteningly large it threatened, possibly depositing New York's problems in my hand. I told the chairman of the Conservative Party, some time later, that in retrospect, I had come much too close. If I ran again, I said, my legend would be, Voting by Invitation Only.

It is true that I also have organic ties to Connecticut. If I had a five-story tower over my house, Pat and I would be able to look down into the Heiskells' house in Noroton, just across the water. The question of residence is always a vexed matter, in which internal-revenue agents take covetous interest. When my brother Jim was elected to the Senate in New York in 1970, a little disgruntled committee was formed overnight to question his legitimacy as a New Yorker. Bobby Kennedy, six years earlier, had settled the problem by buying a house on the north shore of Long Island on the eve of his campaign. My brother, whose spending habits are less copious, simply listed my mother's apartment as a domicile, which satisfied the law, like President Bush's hotel room in Houston. But this permitted Jimmy Breslin to comment that Senator-elect James L. Buckley might succeed in contributing to the national economy given that he manages to live in a two-room apartment together with his mother, his sister, his wife, and their five children.

I am left without having redeemed my commission to do something unusual. Perhaps I could manage this by giving you a lecture on all the reasons that you should support the Democratic Party.

But if I did that, I would lose my reputation for infallibility, and cease to be a New York landmark.

With thanks, and good night.

—WFB

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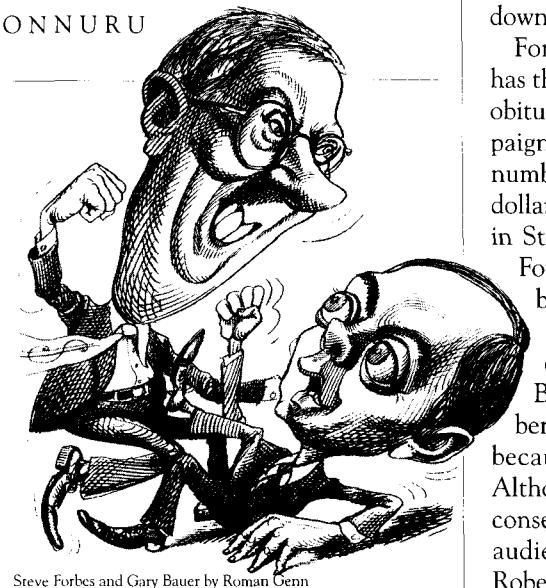
■ CAMPAIGN 2000 ■

Bauer vs. Forbes

The fight for third place

RAMESH PONNURU



Steve Forbes and Gary Bauer by Roman Genn

In early November, Steve Forbes decided to pull out of the Louisiana caucuses. The official story is that he wrote it off as a minor-league affair, since neither George W. Bush nor John McCain would be competing there. But that explanation won't wash. The Forbes campaign had been saying for months that a win in Louisiana on January 15 would give it the momentum it would need to do well in the Iowa caucuses nine days later. And Forbes didn't need to wait for announcements by Bush and McCain to know those two weren't playing. Besides, there are actual delegates at stake in Louisiana, not just bragging rights. No underdog candidate—no candidate, period—would throw away the chance to scoop up 21 delegates, out of pride. The likely reason Forbes bowed out? He was afraid he would lose to Gary Bauer.

With only weeks to go until the primaries, Bauer and Forbes are fighting a bitter contest to determine who will be the conservative challenger to Bush. Forbes aides deny there is a battle; Bauer is "not a factor," they uniformly insist, and Forbes is gunning for Bush. But Forbes doesn't have a clear shot at Bush, not least because Bauer is in the way.

Expectations for Forbes have dropped dramatically. For most of this year, candidates such as Dan Quayle and McCain were banking on Forbes's negative ads to take Bush down a few notches. "We're getting ready for nuclear winter," a McCain adviser said in July. Forbes's spinners were saying that it was a Bush–Forbes race in reality, a Bush–McCain race only in the fantasies of the establishment media. Now McCain is rising in New Hampshire—with no assistance from Forbes—and Forbes's spinners are counting on McCain to bring down Bush there.

Part of Forbes's problem may be that he came out of the gate too early. No presidential candidate had a better 1997 than Forbes. He was everywhere: speaking at the Christian Coalition, writing a big essay in *Policy Review*, running ads against partial-birth abortion, denouncing congressional timidity. But now that reporters have received three or four faxes a day from Forbes for three years, they are no longer interested in what he's going to say next.

Also, Forbes's overtures to social conservatives passed the point of diminishing returns. It may have been when he declared that ending abortion was a higher priority for him than cutting taxes; or when he urged the Republican party to deny funding to candidates who support partial-birth abortion; or when he defended the Kansas state school board on evolution. At some point, Forbes's words stopped ringing true. In 1996, suspicion of Forbes by social conservatives crippled his campaign in Iowa. The lesson should have been, as one Republican strategist puts it, "next time I'll be friends, not next time I'll be baptized by immersion."

In 1996, Forbes had appeal as a fresh face, a businessman with a product—the economics of growth—that nobody else was selling. Since then, he's gone from being a nonpolitician to being a bad politician. In national polls of Republicans, he's hovering in the single digits. Running negative ads may not help him. The political culture, adapting to the pacific temper of the times, has turned against negativity. And Forbes's own reputation for running "slash-and-burn ads" ensures that his opponents and the press would come down hard if he tried it now.

Forbes's disappointing performance has the Bauer camp writing his political obituary. Frank Cannon, Bauer's campaign manager, remarks, "I think the numbers are showing after millions of dollars there's an upper limit on interest in Steve Forbes." Bauer has called on Forbes to leave the race. This might be held rather cheeky, since Bauer himself is stuck in the low single digits. But Jeff Bell, an adviser to Bauer, explains that Bauer's numbers aren't as damning as Forbes's—because Bauer isn't as well known. Although he's influential among social conservatives, Bauer has never had an audience in the millions, as Pat Robertson and James Dobson do.

Bell and Cannon were among those encouraging Bob Casey, the former governor of Pennsylvania, to mount a pro-life campaign against Bill Clinton in the 1996 Democratic primaries. Casey balked for health reasons, but Bauer has given them a second chance to run the campaign they had envisioned. The key idea, as Bell puts it, is a "different way of talking about abortion." This approach, developed by Robert P. George, a professor of politics at Princeton and yet another veteran of the Casey effort, emphasizes an American tradition of widening the circle of democracy—granting legal protections first to white men, then to blacks and women, and now to the unborn. They hope that a pro-life position framed this way will be more appealing than one that focuses on regulating women.

Bauer has started to run ads on this theme in Iowa. If they work, the campaign plans to follow them up by broadening Bauer's message to include economics, where he offers a style of populism starkly different from that of Forbes. Forbes's populism takes the form of empowering individuals with medical savings accounts, privatized Social Security, and the like. Bauer's is a more traditional populism in which

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the state intervenes to protect the vulnerable from powerful corporations.

Bauer, for instance, declared that "the little guy won" when the Department of Justice beat Microsoft in court. (Forbes, no doubt, would have said that, up against the federal government, Microsoft *was* the little guy.) Bauer favors a "patient's bill of rights." While declaring himself a free-trader, Bauer has occasionally used protectionist rhetoric. He rejects Social Security privatization. His version of the flat tax reduces taxes on labor income even more than Forbes's plan would—but raises taxes on capital gains and business investment.

There is a conservative case for many of these positions. Plenty of conservative lawyers and economists are rooting against Microsoft; conservatives have at best mixed feelings about HMOs, seeing them as creatures of the state. Taken together, however, Bauer's emerging politics amounts to Buchananism lite—an attempt to attract the blue-collar social-conservative vote by playing down free-market economics. "I think there is receptivity on the campaign trail for conservatives willing to fight for Main Street against Wall Street," says Cannon.

Bauer is setting himself in opposition to the establishment not only of the Republican party, but also of the conservative movement. This stance will win him the admiration of those social conservatives unhappy with the terms of their alliance with economic conservatives. Whether it will help Bauer in the primaries is another matter. It's one reason that conservative celebrities such as Bruce Herschensohn and Armstrong Williams have been flocking to Forbes, not Bauer.

The Bauer–Forbes contest has already gotten ugly. In the most bizarre episode of the campaign to date, in late September Bauer accused the Forbes campaign of spreading malicious rumors about him. In fact, it was Bauer's own former aides who were making nebulous charges against him; one of these aides had moved to the Forbes camp, but spoke to the press only after Bauer made his accusation. There are hard feelings on both sides. "I think there is a distrust of the Bauer campaign," says Brent Bozell, a Forbes supporter who accuses the Bauer forces of engaging in "Clinton tactics."

Bauer's attacks on Forbes, meanwhile, have gotten more personal. In mid November, Bauer characterized Social Security privatization as a "big-shot, big-money Wall Street type of approach" that Forbes favors as the "son of a tycoon." Bauer explained that he, as "the son of a janitor," was "not going to forget where I came from." The Bauer–Forbes race will test, among other things, how much appetite there is for class warfare among social conservatives.

The battleground will be Iowa. Bauer knows he has to beat Forbes there. Working in his favor will be the desire of social conservatives for a spokesman: Bauer is more articulate than Forbes and has deeper roots among social conservatives. Forbes supporters argue that their guy has the resources to win. "I don't believe that Gary or Alan [Keyes], who I admire and agree with, can go the distance," says Paul Weyrich, who supports Forbes. Bauer, of course, makes the same argument about Forbes; and odds are, both sides of this argument are right. Says a Republican strategist: "It's going to be a Texas chainsaw massacre over basically a molehill."

If neither Forbes nor Bauer has much chance of winning, are they at least moving the debate rightward? It's hard to see any conservative position that Bush or McCain has been forced to take because of them. Their chief influence has been on each other. "Forbes has come 80 percent of the way to Gary's position on China," says Cannon, "except that Steve still can't get the words 'no MFN' out of his mouth." Forbes boasts that because of him, all the Republican candidates support some kind of flat tax—with the not exactly minor exception of George W. Bush. Forbes and Bauer have moved the Republican party toward them on Social Security and China, respectively, but their impact preceded the 2000 race.

Forbes is leading Bauer in the race for third place. But Forbes has adopted a frontrunner strategy akin to the one Phil Gramm used against Pat Buchanan in 1996. Gramm did not deign to address Buchanan's ideas on the merits; he ignored him, saying he was more electable because he had more money. In December 1995, Gramm's campaign manager, Charlie Black, was explaining that Buchanan would have to leave the race in weeks. Two months later, Buchanan knocked Gramm out of the race. **NR**

■ **PUBLIC POLICY** ■

Quota Cowards

The GOP and preferences

JOHN J. MILLER

MATTHEW GLAVIN walked into the Atlanta mayor's office on June 14 with a convoy of television cameras in tow. He had come to deliver by hand a letter warning the city that if it didn't abandon its minority set-aside program, his Southeastern Legal Foundation would sue.

Democrats leaped to the defense of Atlanta's racial-preference policies. "We have finally hit upon somebody to hate. Matt Glavin is someone that I hate," declared state representative Billy McKinney. Mayor Bill Campbell was even more blunt. "We will fight to the death," he said at a press conference, in which he also likened the coming legal battle to "a shootout at the O.K. Corral"—a rather unfortunate phrasing, coming as it did just days before a local day-trader went on a shooting spree that left twelve others dead. All of a sudden, "The City Too Busy to Hate" was seething with it.

Both sides suffered blows. Glavin's public-interest law firm lost seven board members when the Georgia Black Chamber of Commerce vowed to boycott companies that had affiliations with the group. And Campbell has come under withering criticism from the city's press: Cynthia Tucker, the liberal editorial-page editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*, even compared him to Bull Connor.

But it's also true that both sides have benefited from the dispute. Glavin's fundraising has improved as a result of the controversy, and he is almost certain to win his lawsuit. Campbell, for his part, is raising his national profile among liberals. In November, *Emerge* magazine put him on its cover.

The confrontation in Atlanta is emblematic of where the debate over racial preferences stands today.

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Conservatives have much to cheer: Apart from a handful of unimportant exceptions, no race-preference program has survived a legal challenge since the Supreme Court's *Croson* decision in 1989. Every few weeks, it seems, there's another victory, as some political jurisdiction, school district, or public university comes under pressure in the courts and abandons color-conscious policies. A long road lies ahead, and litigation is an expensive and unreliable ally. But the path is well marked.

Conservatives, however, are hobbled in the political arena by their own lack of self-confidence, which makes them no match for their impassioned liberal opponents. Many Republicans refuse to embrace the cause. And—although voters in California and Washington State have passed ballot initiatives banning racial preferences in public education, employment, and contracting—liberals view the drive to end affirmative action as a handy villain. "I'm persuaded that using racial preferences as a political issue encourages minority turnout and helps the Democrats," says Thomas Wood, coauthor of California's anti–preferences ballot measure, Proposition 209. "The harm preferences cause to whites is diffuse, and the benefit conferred to particular blacks and Hispanics is often tangible." Many Republican political consultants feel the same way.

Politicians who campaign to ban racial preferences are simply asking for abuse. In 1996, the anti-209 campaign ran television ads saying, "David Duke wants you to vote Yes on 209." Crosses blazed in the background. Last year, Missouri Democrats sponsored radio announcements that blamed church burnings on the GOP. And this summer, Atlanta's mayor Campbell offered his own variation: "Just because these right-wing hate groups dress themselves in suits instead of robes doesn't mean it's not still racism."

Faced with these attacks, many Republicans take the path of least resistance and remain silent. "The worst thing you can be called in politics today is a racist," says Abigail Thernstrom of the Manhattan Institute. "In one sense this is positive. It shows our country's commitment to racial equality. But it's also made preferences a lethal issue politically."

The GOP repeats constantly that it wants to win minority votes, and no doubt it does. But something like 98 percent of Republican presidential voters are non-Hispanic whites, while about 20 percent of Democratic presidential voters are minorities. The key element in the GOP strategy is not outreach, but pacification; most Republicans don't want to do anything, such as trying to ban racial preferences, that risks igniting the Democrats' base.

If the GOP were truly interested in attracting minority voters, it would try to appeal to them through conservative principle. In 1996, blacks in California were more than twice as likely to vote for 209 as for Bob Dole. It turns out that color blindness does have a constituency among the people who are supposed to oppose it. But Republicans won't put those 209 supporters into the GOP column with a weak message on race.

Jeb Bush
by Roman Genn

Color-blind law had at least one minor triumph in Congress this year, when members voted to delete racial-classification requirements in the juvenile-justice bill. By and large, however, the GOP Congress has been unreceptive to the idea of attacking preferences. Republican House leaders did such an effective job, in the last Congress, of scuttling the civil-rights reform bill introduced by Florida congressman Charles Canady that Canady hasn't even bothered to reintroduce it.

The situation outside the Beltway isn't much better: Not a single state legislature has voted to ban preferences.

Republicans are doing little to change this. Ward Connerly, chairman of the 209 effort in California and the most famous of the anti-preferences activists, was disinvited from a Michigan Republican event scheduled for last June. Shortly after he had agreed to speak, says Connerly, Gov. John Engler's office called to request a copy of his remarks. Connerly sent the speech, and—about a week later—the state party withdrew the invitation. "Due to a change in program, we have to decline our invitation to speak," wrote GOP political director Greg McNeilly in a letter. Says Connerly, "It doesn't take too much gray matter to figure out what happened. Engler pulled the plug." (The Engler camp denies this.)

Connerly wound up taking his anti-preferences crusade to Florida instead. But he hasn't received a warmer reception from Republicans there. When he announced his intention to target Florida, GOP governor Jeb Bush immediately condemned his ideas as "divisive."

Connerly pushed forward anyway, and may face opposition on the right. Because Florida has a single-issue rule when it comes to ballot questions—measures can't combine expanding the death penalty with, say, increasing the salary of state legislators—Connerly may have to propose race-only initiatives that leave sex preferences untouched. Many conservatives say they oppose this approach. Earlier this year, for example, two coauthors of the 209 initiative blasted Connerly in the Florida press for even considering an initiative that didn't ban sex preferences.

A more significant problem is Jeb Bush: On the racial-preferences issue, he is positively Clintonian. He recently issued an executive order to end racial preferences in public-university admissions—and then mandated that students in the top 20 percent of every high school's graduating class win automatic entry. This "mend-it-don't-end-it" tack mimics President Clinton, whose "One America" initiative now has a namesake in Bush's "One Florida" project. The move is an obvious reaction to Connerly, who plans to proceed with his effort anyway.

One of Connerly's goals in promoting the Florida initiative is to guarantee that racial preferences remain in the public

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eye during next year's presidential election. But the Republicans don't seem to have a candidate willing to make an issue of it. Lamar Alexander and Dan Quayle tried, but they've quit the race. Steve Forbes helped fund Washington State's initiative last year, but remains handicapped by his single-digit standing in the polls. Sen. John McCain is actually hostile; last year, he twisted Republican arms in the Arizona legislature to ensure that a bill banning preferences would lose. It did.

That leaves George W. Bush. For a variety of reasons, most of the leaders of the anti-preference movement—Canady, Linda Chavez, Connerly, and Thernstrom—are in his camp. All cite the importance of a Republican winning the White House next year, if only to control federal court nominations. "We've pushed the debate about as far as it can go politically," says the Institute for Justice's Clint Bolick, another key activist who supports Bush. "The next step is to consolidate our legal gains by winning in November 2000."

So far, Bush hasn't said much. He had a perfect opportunity to come out swinging two years ago, when Houston held a municipal election on preferences. That brave effort didn't pass, but backers convinced a state judge to call for another referendum because the city council illegally tampered with the ballot language. It's currently scheduled for January 22—just two days before the Iowa caucuses. (Court delays could force a rescheduling to May, or even later.)

While he remains tongue-tied on the situation in Houston, Bush has said he opposes racial quotas and set-asides. He also touts what he calls "affirmative access," such as the Texas 10 percent plan on which Florida's new 20 percent program is based. For at least some supporters of color-blind public policy, this vagueness is perfectly acceptable. "I don't want him to be clear," says Thernstrom. "He'll either come down on the wrong side or court demagoguery from the Left. That's not what Republicans need." And what if a reporter asks him directly whether he would have voted for Proposition 209? Replies Thernstrom: "He should change the subject." That's one strategy the Republicans have already been practicing for years. **NR**

■ **EDUCATION** ■

A Taboo Erodes

The truth about blacks and education

ABIGAIL THERNSTROM

PERK up, everyone. It's true that Jesse Jackson is doing his usual number in Decatur, Illinois. And the Justice Department is threatening to sue Massachusetts over its rigorous and carefully designed statewide tests because many black and Hispanic students do poorly on them. And yes, Al Gore and Bill Bradley both have had kissy-face meetings with the Rev. Al Sharpton. But in fact, it's not just the same old racial scene anymore. Not only is the status of blacks steadily improving; the winds of freedom are now blowing through public discourse on race related questions.

The shift is subtle, and easy to miss. But think about a phrase George W. Bush has used in two education speeches: "the soft bigotry of low expectations." The cruel (and racially indifferent) dumbing down of American educational standards in the name of racial sensitivity is an issue a handful of conservatives have long raised, and they paid a heavy price for doing so. But times have changed. The word is now out: Black and Hispanic kids do not know enough when they graduate from high school. They have been passed along from grade to grade by schools that pursue a callous, softly bigoted self-esteem strategy.

In its 1978 *Bakke* decision, the Supreme Court ruled that colleges and universities may consider race only as one of many factors in admissions decisions. No selective institution of higher education paid the slightest attention. Behind soundproof doors, race-driven admissions became the norm. The subterfuge worked for a while, but it couldn't last. Once the facts were exposed, the talk began, and it focused on the core problem: the tiny pool of black and Hispanic high-school seniors with strong SAT scores and high grades who could meet the regular admissions criteria at selective schools.

Frank talk, once started, is hard to stifle. It takes on a life of its own. The new intellectual freedom is evident in *The Black–White Test Score Gap*, an important Brookings Institution volume edited by Christopher Jencks and Meredith Phillips. The liberal credentials of Jencks and Phillips are in perfect order, but their voices (and those of their contributors) break with traditional liberal orthodoxy.

For instance, they assert unequivocally that it is lack of knowledge—not white racism—that makes for unequal earnings. They report that among 31- to

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The word is now out: Black and Hispanic kids do not know enough when they graduate from high school.

■

36-year-old men with cognitive skills above the 50th percentile on the well-respected Armed Services Vocational Aptitude Battery test, the difference between black and white earnings is a mere 4 percentage points. College-graduation rates tell a similar story: Blacks are more likely to earn a college diploma than whites with the same 12th-grade test scores.

Black poverty, racial segregation, and inadequate funding for predominantly black schools are standard items on the list of liberal explanations for black underachievement. Jencks and Phillips dismiss them all. Income inequality, they say, plays a very small role in black test performance; in fact, eliminating black–white income disparities would make almost no difference in the scores of young black children on a basic

Abigail Thernstrom is a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute. She and her coauthor, Stephan Thernstrom, are working on a new book: *Getting the Answers Right: The Racial Gap in Academic Achievement and How to Close It.*

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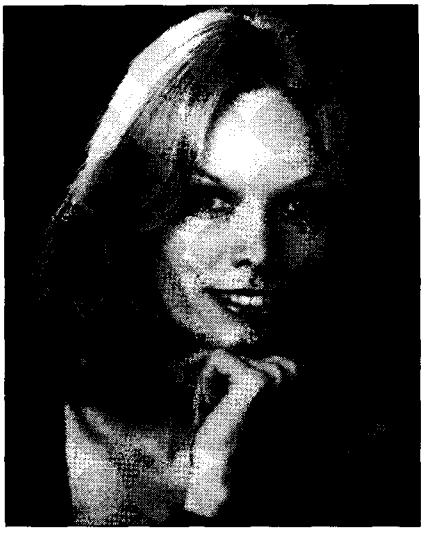

by Leil Lowndes

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vocabulary test. Nor does a school's racial mix matter after the sixth grade; it seems to affect reading scores only in the early years, and math scores not at all.

The racial identity of the children in a district does not affect funding, the number of teachers per student, the teachers' credentials, or their pay. Schools that are mostly black, however, have teachers with lower test scores—in part, Jencks and Phillips forthrightly acknowledge, because black schools have more black teachers.

On the other hand, schools are less important than we sometimes think. According to Jencks and Phillips, parents count more:

> Changes in parenting practices might do more to reduce the black–white test score gap than changes in parents' educational attainment or income. . . . Cognitive disparities between black and white preschool children are currently so large that it is hard to imagine how schools alone could eliminate them. . . . Changing the way parents deal with their children may be the single most important thing we can do to improve children's cognitive skills.

This is a tough and startling message. More than three decades after the publication of *The Negro Family: The Case for National Action*, the Moynihan report that was so terribly distorted by civil-rights spokesmen, it is finally okay to raise the subject of black-family culture. Jencks and Phillips suggest social scientists take a close look at: "the way family members and friends interact with one another and the outside world"; "how much parents talk to their children, deal with their children's questions, how they react when their child learns or fails to learn something"; and "cultural and psychological differences." In other words, focus on what's going on in African-American homes. Economic and educational resources are far less important.

Jencks and Phillips might be dismissed as members of a tiny sect called "scholars with integrity." But they have unexpected—and important—company: the ever-cautious College Board. In January 1997, it convened a "National Task Force on Minority High Achievement." Among its members were Raul Yzaguirre, president of the National Council of La Raza, and Edmund W. Gordon, the principal author of the dreadful New York State 1991 curriculum guide, *One Nation, Many Peoples: A Declaration of Cultural Interdependence*, which prompted a ringing dissent from Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

The group contained no conservative voices at all, so its recently released report, not surprisingly, contains much predictable stuff. For example, it says that the end of racial preferences in some states has harmed the efforts of colleges "to promote the academic development" of minorities; that we're not spending enough on urban schools; and that racial and ethnic discrimination is holding back minority students academically. It indulges in the usual psychobabble about low black self-esteem and feelings of alienation from school.

■

Democrats can play the race card from now until November; but they cannot stop the old rhetorical order from continuing to unravel.

■

But the task force also breaks important new ground. The report links black and Hispanic wage levels to poor academic performance, and uses National Assessment of Educational Progress (NAEP) statistics to make clear just how inadequately non-Asian minorities are doing. The document points out that the NAEP results display the same patterns as SAT scores, which correlate well with grades and class rank.

The task force describes the problem of underachievement as emerging "very early" and minces no words about the fact that black and Hispanic kids "at virtually all socioeconomic levels do not perform nearly as well on standardized tests as their White and Asian counterparts." In fact, the racial gap in academic achievement is widest among middle-class students from educated families. The scores of black and white youngsters whose parents lack even a high- school degree are more alike.

Proponents of preferential admissions often argue that underachieving black and Hispanic students will catch up in college. But the College Board report admits that the best predictor of academic performance is prior academic performance. Do well in high school, and success in college follows—although black students do worse than their SATs suggest they should. The report refers to the "cultural attributes of home, community, and school," and talks at length about the attitudes toward school and hard work that Asian parents transmit to their children.

There is obviously much overlap between the Jencks and Phillips volume and the College Board report. Both are moving beyond racial preferences as a panacea. In fact, the task force refers to "affirmative development"—a term that implies the need for multifaceted and sustained action to address a problem. No quick fixes, which depend on fudging inconvenient facts. The College Board hasn't given up on race-based programs; it explicitly embraces them. But implicit in the report is an acknowledgment that in many public institutions of higher education, preferences may not survive; and that, in any case, after 30 years of using preferences, black students are appallingly behind whites and Asians in basic, absolutely essential academic skills.

The College Board is no profile in political courage; it would not have issued this report had it not felt safe in doing so. This report—together with the Bush speech, Jencks and Phillips, and other recent writings and statements—signals a change in the framework of the race debate, at least when it comes to education, the nation's most important race-related issue. Tom Daschle can call the GOP "anti-minority"; Democrats can play the race card from now until November 2000 and beyond; but they cannot stop the old rhetorical order from continuing to unravel.

Change the discourse, and the old policies themselves are placed in jeopardy. The whole structure of going-nowhere race-conscious policies—whose proponents have been satisfied with good intentions but few results—may be crumbling. If so, we are seeing the first steps towards honestly and seriously addressing the undeniable problem of ongoing racial inequality. Better late than never. **NR**

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■ THE ADMINISTRATION ■

Clinton's Cantú Law

Government by bullying

KATE O'BEIRNE

WHEN conservatives talk about the importance of the presidential election, they always mention possible openings on the Supreme Court. But too often they overlook an equally important issue: the need to stop the abuse of executive power. A Democratic victory could, potentially, change the balance on the Supreme Court. But the Clinton administration has already succeeded in eroding the justice system—by making unprincipled use of the president's ability to issue regulations and enforce laws.

The Clintonites' most aggressive abuse has been ignoring the law to impose their own agenda on civil rights: No Republican president would appoint someone like Norma Cantú to enforce civil-rights laws.

Since 1993, Cantú has been assistant secretary for civil rights at the Department of Education. During her tenure, she has devoted her 700 employees and $66 million budget to enforcing gender quotas and propping up race preferences. She has been a perfect illustration of the maxim that personnel is policy: Charged with enforcing the same laws, her predecessor in the Bush administration properly challenged minority-only scholarships as discriminatory.

Under Cantú, the Education Department's civil-rights office has, among other things, imposed gender quotas on athletic teams and forced a standardized test to add a new section of questions that favored girl test-takers over boys.

The problem is, the gender quotas and preferences imposed by Cantú violate the clear words of the statute she is charged with enforcing. Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972 states that the law shall *not* be interpreted to require schools "to grant preferential or disparate treatment to the members of one sex" just because the percentage of persons of that sex who participate in a given activity is different from that sex's percentage of the general population.

For 20 years, college athletic programs were considered in compliance with the statute if the school had a history of expanding athletic opportunities for the underrepresented sex, or could demonstrate that it was accommodating that sex's interests. But for Cantú, this hasn't been enough: She has demanded that the ratio of male to female athletes match the ratio in the student body.

Her insistence on strict proportionality has led to the elimination of hundreds of men's sports programs. The number of men who can participate in sports is effectively capped; it can't be any higher than the number of women on campus who want to join sports teams. Cantú's approach has *created* opportunities for some 6,000 female athletes—but only at the price of *eliminating* some 21,000 slots for male athletes.

Cantú's feminist friends sue a university like Vanderbilt because only 41 percent of its athletes are women, while 47 percent of its undergraduates are women. But they are wrong in believing that it's lack of opportunity that is keeping women off the playing field. Just look at the low level of interest in athletics at all-female colleges: A study by the Independent Women's Forum (IWF) revealed that at Smith, only 12 percent of the women play sports; at Wellesley, only 7 percent. They are, quite obviously, not being crowded out by men; they're just not interested.

Despite the lack of evidence that women's lower participation in sports is the result of discrimination, Cantú is now turning her attention to the disproportionate number of boys' teams at the high-school level.

And—not content with leveling the athletic field by prohibiting thousands of men from engaging in sports—Cantú is complaining about gender imbalances in the *classroom* as well. Education Department bureaucrats welcome the fact that women now earn half of all college degrees, but Cantú is unhappy with women's choices in the degrees they pursue. Women are less likely than men to earn bachelor's degrees in computer science, engineering, or physical sciences. Here—just as in athletics—we can expect that no allowances will be made for women's choices and interests.

A possible "remedy" for this imbalance lurks in a proposed rule published by the Clinton administration in late October. The rule warns colleges that they have to be sure that any class with a substantially disproportionate number of individuals of one sex is *not* the result of discrimination. Further, the rule permits the imposition of affirmative-action programs to remedy discrimination, and encourages recipients of federal funds to adopt voluntary affirmative-action programs *even when there has been no prior discrimination*.

The IWF's analysis of this regulation warns that it would "dramatically expand the scope of Title IX to cover even non-educational activities of federal, state and local agencies, as well as private institutions and businesses dealing with those agencies." This concern is quite realistic: Under threat of losing federal funding, the College Board has already altered the PSAT to make it

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more favorable to girls. The new regulation targets the SAT by prohibiting the use of tests or other admission criteria that have a disparate impact on a particular sex.

Under this proposal, schools must prove themselves innocent. According to the IWF analysis, the new regulation means that "a recipient of federal funds is excused from implementing quotas only if it can prove that the challenged selection practice accurately predicts an applicant's successful performance and there are no other tests available." In other words: Schools *must* impose quotas, unless they can prove that quotas are unnecessary.

The same attitude prevails in Cantú's office when it comes to race preferences. Last spring, she warned universities they were courting legal trouble if they used SATs or other standardized tests as an important basis for admission, because minority students, on average, don't perform as well on them as white students. There was an immediate outcry from nervous university administrators, who questioned her interpretation of civil-rights law. Opponents of race preferences spotted an attempt to intimidate colleges into effectively establishing quotas—by shielding minorities from the use of objective, standardized criteria for admission.

Following this firestorm of criticism, Cantú's office asked college officials "to become quieter on the press front." Christopher Edley Jr., who advises President Clinton on race relations and affirmative action, warned education and testing officials that "several key people in the civil rights community are deeply concerned about rumored activities of [your organizations] and some of your compatriots." In short: Shut up—if you know what's good for you.

To appease feminists and civil-rights activists, the Clinton-Gore administration has imposed race and gender preferences in an extra-legal way: by issuing unilateral regulations and by trying to intimidate recipients of federal funding. Firing Cantú's crew and repealing her regulations should be at the top of the next Republican president's to-do list. And remember: Under a President Al Gore, Norma Cantú would not just be retained; she could even end up on the Supreme Court. **NR**

■ THE PENTAGON ■

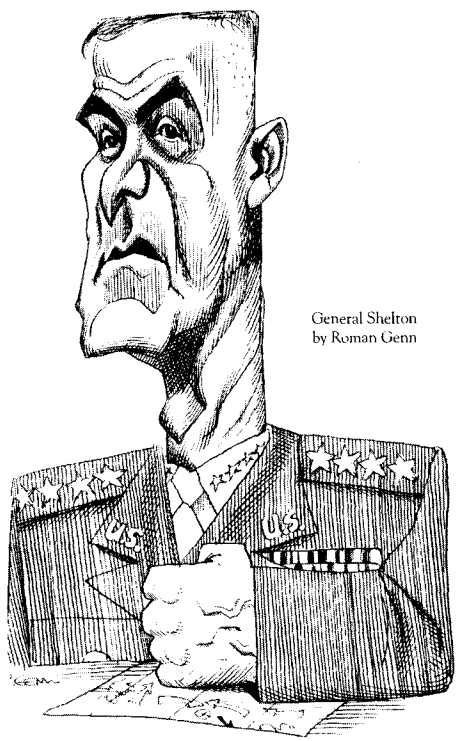
Gen. Water-Carrier

Henry H. Shelton of the Joint Chiefs

BYRON YORK

THE general's words sounded ominous. Testifying before the Senate Armed Services Committee in late October, Joint Chiefs of Staff chairman Henry H. Shelton warned of dire consequences for the Pentagon if Republicans went ahead with their proposed 1 percent across-the-board cut in federal spending. "This would strip away the gains that we have made," Shelton testified. The proposed cut, he concluded, would be "devastating" to the nation's military.

Shelton's testimony landed smack in the middle of the budget war raging on Capitol Hill, and his words quickly found a place in Democratic talking points. The next day, Senate minority leader Tom Daschle cited the general while bashing GOP budget plans. "We hope our Republican colleagues hear General Shelton," Daschle told reporters. "We hope our Republican colleagues hear those who cry out for better understanding about the devastating consequences of the mindless approach Republicans are using today."



General Shelton
by Roman Genn

But Shelton's remarks did more than supply a snappy soundbite for the Democrats. They also exacerbated congressional Republicans' already intense frustration with the Joint Chiefs chairman, prompting new charges that Shelton cares more about defending his boss, Bill Clinton, than he does about the needs of the military.

Shelton's current problems started right after the president's State of the Union address. "It is time to reverse the decline in defense spending that began in 1985," Bill Clinton declared to bipartisan applause. "My balanced budget calls for a sustained increase over the next six years for readiness, for modernization, and for pay and benefits for our troops and their families." When Clinton sent his fiscal-year 2000 budget proposal to Capitol Hill, he claimed it represented a $12 billion increase in defense spending. But it turned out that only $4 billion of that was real money. The other $8 billion represented savings the White House hoped to achieve in the coming year—an idea containing a sizable element of wishful thinking. If inflation goes down, the administration reasoned, the Pentagon will have more spending power. And if the price of fuel goes down, the military might have more money still. And maybe, in the end, it will add up to $8 billion; the Pentagon, therefore, would receive a $12 billion increase.

Lawmakers weren't fooled. House Armed Services chairman Floyd Spence lectured Shelton and the other Joint Chiefs the day after Clinton's speech. "If the president's purported $110 billion increase . . . relies heavily on assumed savings, especially savings generated by assumptions of favorable long-term economic conditions," Spence said, "he is taking a high-risk gamble with our military's future."

But Shelton was on board with the

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president's plan. He told Spence and the committee that the $12 billion would fund "100 percent of the personnel programs. It will fund 100 percent of the critical readiness requirements." When another Republican challenged Shelton about the unreality of the money, the general responded simply: "It is buying power in terms of the money that will go to the services."

No, it isn't. Instead of falling, as the administration hoped, fuel prices rose. And even though inflation stayed low, the projected savings failed to materialize. So Republicans took it upon themselves to add to the president's defense budget; they put in an extra $4.5 billion in real money. Clinton responded by threatening a veto. A standoff ensued.

Then, as the October budget crunch worsened, Republicans found themselves flailing around, trying to make their overall budget numbers add up. They came up with the idea of an across-the-board cut for all federal agencies. That's when Shelton came back to the Hill to announce that any such cut would prove "devastating." The problem with his warning was that, because Republicans had already added money to the Pentagon budget, the proposed cut would still have resulted in more money for the military than the president had requested. And that original request had been fine with Gen. Shelton.

Republicans went ballistic. After his testimony, Shelton faced unhappy House and Senate conferees. "I think this is double-talk," House Appropriations Committee chairman Bill Young told Shelton. The general is "going to have some explaining to do next year," said Young's Senate counterpart, Ted Stevens.

In the final reckoning, Congress agreed on a 0.38 percent cut—which Shelton has not publicly criticized. But he's still defending his original "devastating" assessment of the Republican plan. "We were talking about a $4 billion cut to what the defense appropriation is," says Navy Capt. Stephen Pietropaoli, Shelton's spokesman; the chairman makes no apologies for opposing that. And besides, Pietropaoli adds, Shelton was never all that happy with Clinton's original request. "From the fall of '98 on, none of the chiefs said that the president's budget was okay or fine with them," Pietropaoli says. "They said it would meet our most critical requirements."

As heated as the budget fight was, it probably wouldn't have reached the boiling point had it not come after other incidents in which Congress had clashed with Shelton over key defense issues.

Perhaps the most impassioned controversy concerned missile defense. In July 1998, an investigative commission headed by former defense secretary Donald Rumsfeld concluded that the U.S. faced multiple ballistic-missile threats, especially from Iran and North Korea. Rumsfeld also concluded that a contrary assessment from the CIA had a very basic problem—that it was essentially a rigged report designed to support the White House's anti–missile defense position.

Congress asked Shelton for his reaction. He obliged, in a letter to Sen. James Inhofe: "We view [the prospect of a rapid and undetected deployment of nuclear missiles by rogue states] as an unlikely development."

Shelton's credibility took a major hit just one week later, when North Korea successfully launched its Taepo Dong I intercontinental ballistic missile. Shelton and the rest of the administration were, to put it mildly, surprised. Inhofe was outraged.

Why had Shelton repeated the White House line, when the missile threat was so real? "He just does whatever the president tells him to do, as opposed to concerning himself with the nation's defense," Inhofe says today. "He defends the president more than the nation."

Unfortunately for Shelton, the missile blowup came hard on the heels of his participation in what many Republicans viewed as the most irresponsible episode of the wag-the-dog summer of 1998. On August 20, with the country and the press in an uproar over the Monica Lewinsky affair, Clinton ordered cruise-missile attacks on suspected terrorist installations in Sudan and Afghanistan. The targets were so poorly chosen, and the results so minimal, that many Republicans conclude that Clinton must have been trying to divert attention from the scandal.

Shelton was one of the very few administration officials who took part in the planning. Nearly every other top military official was cut out. The White House even forbade Shelton to discuss the raids with his fellow chiefs.

Henry Shelton wasn't the administration's first choice to be chairman. When John Shalikashvili left the post in 1997, defense secretary William Cohen openly supported Air Force Gen. Joseph Ralston for the job. But Ralston, then the vice-chairman of the Joint Chiefs, withdrew his name from consideration after word got out that he had had an adulterous affair a decade before.

"They pulled Shelton out of nowhere," says one military analyst who has followed the general's career. "Like Galahad, his principal quality was that he was chaste. The word went out to find a four-star general who hadn't f***ed around, and they came up with Shelton."

That kind of assessment is common in Republican conversations about Shelton these days—off the record. "Out of his depth and out of his league," says one insider. "Nothing more than a doormat to the commander in chief," says another.

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But apart from a few outspoken types like Inhofe, not very many people publicly criticize the general. For one thing, they all agree he's a great soldier. A Green Beret, Shelton served two tours of duty in Vietnam and was a top commander in the Gulf War. Among his medals are a Bronze Star, a Distinguished Service Medal, a Legion of Merit, and a Purple Heart. Apart from heroes like John McCain and Bob Kerrey, Shelton's congressional overseers can't match his military achievements.

And when you get down to it, Republicans say their real argument isn't with Shelton at all—it's with his boss. Ask any Republican what Shelton's biggest fault is, and they'll say it's his exaggerated obedience to the president. Would Inhofe like to see Shelton replaced? "I'd rather see the president replaced," he says. "I really believe that Bill Clinton will go down as the most anti-defense president in the history of this country."

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Ask any Republican what Shelton's biggest fault is, and they'll say it's his exaggerated obedience to the president.

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Don't look for any progress on that front until, say, January 2001 at the earliest. Until then, the Pentagon struggles on. The *Washington Post* recently published a front-page story headlined "Two Army Divisions Unfit for Major War; Both Flunk Ratings of Preparedness." The piece detailed how long-running peacekeeping commitments in Kosovo, Bosnia, and other spots around the globe have dangerously drained the resources of two of the Army's ten divisions. A later *Post* story described in startling detail how American fighting forces—as "peacekeepers" in Kosovo—are regulating street vendors, directing traffic, and settling disputes over stolen cows.

It's enough to make conservatives cry. They can rail all they want about Henry Shelton—and with good reason—but they all know the real problem is above his pay grade. **NR**

■ THE INTERNET ■

Vote.con

The perils of 'cyber-democracy'

JONAH GOLDBERG

IN a famous episode of *The Twilight Zone*, advanced space aliens visit Planet Earth and promise an utopia for mankind. The jubilant humans are awed by the promised technological marvels—all diseases will be cured, all desires satisfied—and board spaceships in droves. A lone skeptical scientist discovers—too late—that the aliens' how-to manual, *To Serve Man*, is not actually a guide to helping humanity, but "a *cookbook*! It's a *cookbook*!"

This is not an inaccurate caricature for the occasional plight of conservatives. Every so often, a miraculous new technology comes along that requires that someone pay close attention to its downside. The Internet is just such an innovation.

The digital revolution has been wonderful for humanity. But just as the automobile unraveled many traditional communities, the World Wide Web poses a serious threat to the constitutional order—because the border-jumping nature of e-commerce is erasing our traditional conceptions of the role of government. For example, the "choice of law" movement, championed by leading Internet corporations like America Online, asserts that consumers should be allowed to decide whose laws—on tax, consumer protection, obscenity, what-have-you—should apply to their Internet transactions. If an American consumer is willing to take the risk, he should be allowed to buy Albanian medicine, Mexican food, and Dutch (ahem) "literature"—and the supplier-nation's tax and safety laws should apply. The blow to traditional sovereignties is obvious, but there are compensations: lower prices and increased choice.

Mr. Goldberg is the editor of National Review Online.

More dangerous and disturbing is the push for the amorphously defined "cyber-democracy." If by cyber-democracy, one means the better and faster dissemination of political information, conservatives should applaud it. Anything that breaks the liberal media monopoly, and helps people educate themselves, is great. But if cyber-democracy means "online voting," then it would be a disaster.

Small-"d" democrats have been trying to implement cyber-democracy for several years. Last month, Iowa tested a new online voting system in polling stations. The U.S. Army is experimenting with allowing overseas servicemen to vote online. In Washington state, several local elections have been held online. California, Florida, and Minnesota are officially considering online voting on both candidates and ballot initiatives.

The Internet is taking the baton from the absentee-ballot movement. Already, twenty states have virtually no restrictions on mail-in voting. Voters can send in their ballots anytime after they receive them. In Oregon, *all* voting is by mail—and Michigan and Ohio are considering similar systems. The logic of mail and Internet voting is simple: Voting is a good in itself, and voter turnout is disturbingly low; anything, therefore, which makes it easier for people to vote, is good—pure and simple.

"American families increasingly find it difficult to take time from their busy work schedules, child care and community activities to vote," Rep. Jesse Jackson Jr. said last month as he introduced legislation for a study of Internet voting. "I believe the Internet could make voting easier, more convenient and extremely efficient."

One might wonder which "community activities" preclude taking an hour or two—out of one day *a year*—to go and vote. Nevertheless, says Jackson, online voting "presents a fantastic opportunity to reverse a 40-year decline in national voter turnout."

Dick Morris, the brilliant former pollster who worked for any politician whose check cleared, has written a new book, *Vote.com* (a cookbook in the *Twilight Zone* sense, if ever there was one). In *Vote.com*, which is really a piece of promotional literature for his website of the same name, Morris calls for a national

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system of, at first, "virtual" online plebiscites, from which he plans to make millions. Eventually, he predicts and hopes, the nation will move to the real thing.

He's not the only one. Companies that run secure online elections are proliferating. Dell Computer hyped a recent survey that revealed that almost 80 percent of web users would like to vote online.

So what's wrong with letting people vote when and how they want? Well, everything.

It's remarkable that just as it is finally dawning on Americans that opinion polls are pernicious, we are moving

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We are moving to a system that would accentuate the worst aspects of government by poll.

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toward a system that would accentuate the worst aspects of government by poll. Morris writes that the Internet will fulfill Jefferson's vision of direct democracy. He breathlessly endorses Internet referenda in which millions of angry Americans will command politicians to do their bidding on particular issues. Lost on Morris, Ross Perot, and countless other advocates is that Jefferson's vision was rejected by the Founding Fathers, and for very good reason.

In *Federalist* Number 63, Madison wrote that there are times "when the people, stimulated by some irregular passion . . . may call for measures which they themselves will afterwards be the most ready to lament and condemn. In these critical moments, how salutary will be the interference of some temperate and respectable body of citizens in order . . . to suspend the blow meditated by the people against themselves, until reason, justice, and truth can regain their authority" in public deliberations.

In today's carnival of round-the-clock TV screaming and instant outrage, this concern is even more relevant than it was in Madison's day. Imagine the ill-conceived, MSNBC-inspired legislation that might result from another Oklahoma City bombing. Worse, imagine the incentives for activists and terrorists to stage disasters, if instant democracy were in place.

The Founders rejected a "pure" democracy, in which citizens would run the government in person, because it was obvious to them that such a system would be a petri dish for the bacillus of tyranny. But there are more mundane problems with instant referenda. Conservatives have long lamented that the problem with old, functioning institutions is that people forget why they work. Social planners come along, thinking they can improve schools, families, etc., even though they are entirely ignorant of the thinking that went into creating these institutions in the first place.

An election day, for example, is a vital tool for candidates and voters alike. Informed voters focus their judgments only in the final days of a campaign. Candidates—and journalists—know this. To overturn this system would have unpredictable consequences. It might even place in doubt the very notion of a "mandate"—if a candidate "modified" his position after many votes were cast, but before the actual deadline.

Still, there's an even simpler truth that undermines the case for e-voting: It's too easy. Motor-voter supporters, and others who bemoan low turnout, have never satisfactorily addressed a fundamental question: Why should we care that people who don't care enough to vote aren't voting?

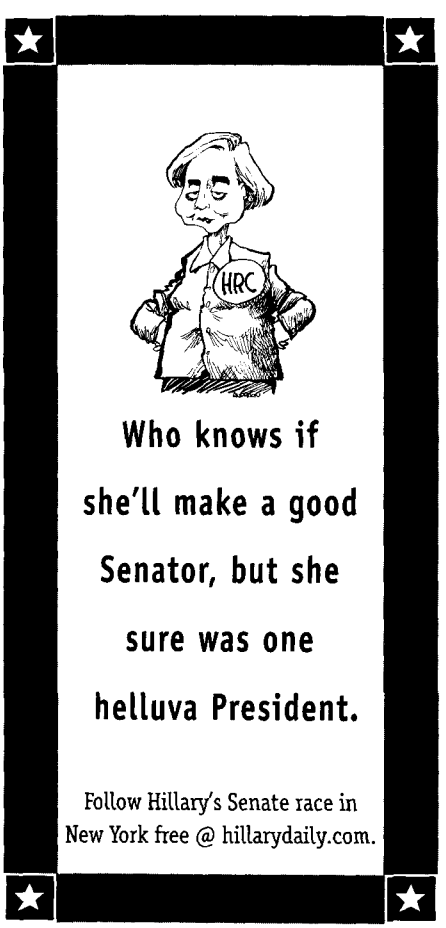
A 1995 poll found that 44 percent of the public thinks that "white males" qualify for preferences under federal affirmative-action programs. These people might indeed vote, if they could do it during a commercial break. Dick Morris and Jesse Jackson Jr. think that would be great. Morris clearly thinks we should listen to these people on issues such as Medicare reform or the WTO.

For good or ill, the deliberative mechanisms of our Constitution have been greatly diminished over the past century. Internet voting would further erode the deliberative process.

Worse still, if the e-rage continues unabated, we can kiss the Electoral College goodbye. Liberals have been itching to kill it for years; an American Bar Association panel concluded in 1969 that this method of electing a president is "archaic, undemocratic, complex, ambiguous, indirect, and dangerous." If independent and third-party voting continues to rise, anti–Electoral College sentiment will surely rise with it. Moreover, if Dick Morris's plebiscitary democracy comes to fruition, old-fashioned state-by-state electioneering will be a forgotten fossil. Instant voters will realize they have more affinity with chatroom buddies a thousand miles away than with the family next door. Combined, all these factors would probably provide the last shove needed to push the Electoral College off the cliff.

You might well ask, So what? But think of what would replace it. State-by-state campaigning is one of the few factors that broaden the issues addressed by our politics. It's an important force in inhibiting the Balkanization of America. If we let go of it, politics will become even more dominated by interest groups.

The writing on the wall can be found in a website called "Majority 2000: Women Count." On March 1, 2000, it will hold a women's primary for president, intended to influence many state


HRC
Who knows if she'll make a good Senator, but she sure was one helluva President.
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primaries over the following two weeks. The results of this ballot will be noisily proclaimed by feminists on the cable networks and in other media.

Is it so hard to imagine the next step—binding primaries based on ethnic, sexual, or religious qualifications? For many in the Democratic party, a "Gay Primary" or a "Labor Primary" would be a dream come true. And even for some Republicans—the Christian Coalition comes to mind—a similar system might have some appeal.

History glistens with wonderful gadgets we wouldn't want to be without. None of them came without a price. The Internet, too, will have its downsides. But it will be a shame if one of them is the loss of the very system that made its creation possible. **NR**

■ **CULTURE WATCH** ■

Millionaire Mania

High times in '99

ROB LONG

THE biggest hit on television asks a simple question. *Who Wants To Be a Millionaire*, the only must-see program of the current television season, asks contestants a series of general-knowledge questions, rewarding them in ever increasing amounts, until the final question, which is worth a whopping one million clams.

In late 1999, though, with a Dow inching its way to 12,000, it's hard not to do the math in your head. Let's be honest: A million dollars, after taxes, is what? Six hundred thousand? Say you've got a couple of kids. They want to go to college. That's two hundred apiece, right there. Throw in a modest house in a modest neighborhood, and you're tapped. As a stock-trader friend of mine put it recently, "A million dollars? After taxes and stuff, that's like, I dunno, a dinner and a movie?" And if, as a recent book suggests, we've all got a millionaire living next door and we're all just a "dot com" away from *serious* money, what, exactly, is the appeal of *Who Wants To Be a Millionaire?*

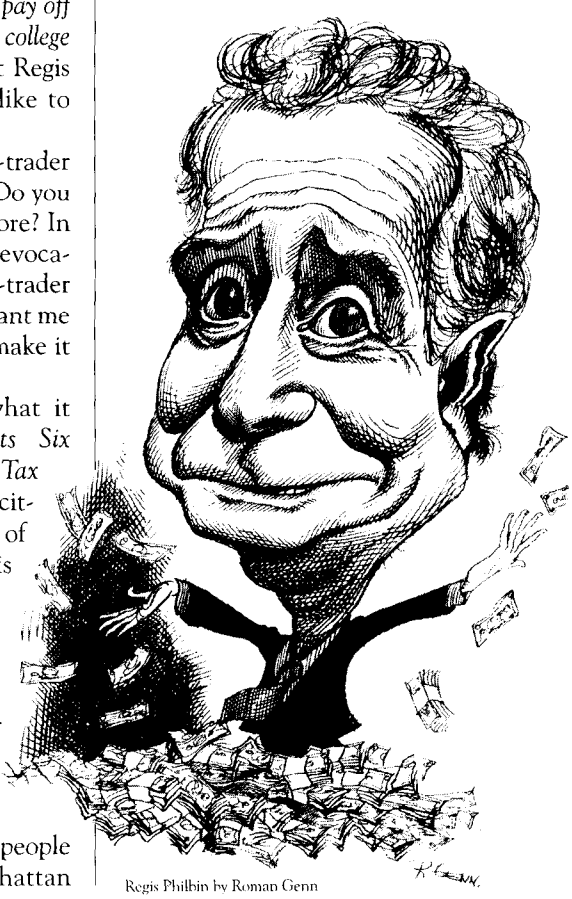
The appeal of the show, like the appeal of any show on television, is the drama. Watching people make difficult choices about money is pretty much the molten core of American dramatic entertainment, and, as old-fashioned as it sounds, a million dollars (okay, let's be honest, six hundred thousand dollars after the IRS claims its vig) is still a lot of money. And it's still fun to watch contestants mentally calculate, as the figures get higher and the questions get harder, how much they *really* need. Because when the time is up, and you're facing an impossible question, you can cut out and take what you've already won. But if you keep going and answer incorrectly, you lose big. Peering closely at their faces, the attentive viewer can see the contestants doing rapid long division in their heads—*Okay, okay, 64 thousand is around 35 after taxes, pay off the Visa bill, that's 25, go to Disney World with family, now we're down to 20, pay off car, 15, kids may need braces, then college . . .*—until they look up, smile at Regis Philbin, the host, and say, "I'd like to keep going."

"Think of it," I told my stock-trader friend, "like playing the market. Do you hold? Do you sell? Do you buy more? In many ways, the show is a perfect evocation of the bull market." My stock-trader friend is still unimpressed. "You want me to watch?" he asked me. "Then make it interesting. Add a zero."

But even if they called it what it should be called—*Who Wants Six Hundred Thousand After-Tax Dollars?*—I'd still tune in. It's exciting stuff, in the old-time tradition of network television. Even Regis Philbin is a throwback to an earlier era. His Bowery Boys New York accent ("Who wans t'be a million ayeh?") and squinty grimaces are the opposite of game-show-host smooth. And though he tries for a regular-guy attitude, he looks a little nervous meeting all those ordinary people from all those strange not-Manhattan places. You half expect him to intone into an old radio mike, "Hello out there in radio land. From the heart of New York City it's . . . *Who Wants To Be a Millionaire,*" and find yourself transported to 1940.

Except for the set, of course. All angles and flashing lights, with cameras swooping around for no real reason, the show is shot and dressed like an MTV awards show. Regis and his contestant are perched up high, staring at flat-screen computer monitors, while in the background the lights get dramatic and the music starts getting tense and weirdly martial. The show looks the way someone in the 1950s might imagine a modern show to look, right down to Regis's monochrome suits. But they can dress it up all they want: It's strictly old-time, which is part of its mega-appeal.

It follows. The show is a British import. It was bought—premise, set, rules, and all—by ABC, which gambled (correctly, it turns out) that its huge success in the U.K. could be duplicated here, albeit at a discount. In Britain, on some nights, 80 percent of the television audience was glued to *Millionaire*. Here at home, where the time-slot competi-



Regis Philbin by Roman Genn

Mr. Long, a writer for television in Hollywood, is a contributing editor of NATIONAL REVIEW.

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tion is more likely to be *Frasier* than *Dogs and Gardening*, it draws a healthy, dependable 25 percent.

The English grumble that in their version the questions are harder and the game more challenging. This is true, of course, but the English version of almost anything (fiction, poetry, drama, weather, jurisprudence, social class, food) is

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Millionaire is an old idea with bull-market spin; it may just save broadcast television.

■

harder to figure out. The point is that in the U.K. they have fewer television choices and a far less fragmented audience—sort of like us, 30 years ago—so the potential for a big, country-grabbing event is always there.

Who Wants To Be a Millionaire is a colorized, computerized snapshot from television's past. Paired with the other unexpected success of the television season, UPN's wrestling show *Smackdown!*, it's a humbling slice of pie for the platoons of development executives and creative minds who stuff the offices at the other networks. They have spent years searching for the magic formula to recapture dwindling audiences—*Seinfeld* clones and *Friends* clones and *Simpsons* clones and *Dateline* clones and, inexplicably, *Veronica's Closet*—only to see their audiences click off, boot up, and log on. *Millionaire* is an old idea with bull-market spin; it may just save broadcast television.

So ABC is faced with a choice: Should they keep the show as a sweeps-month special event, trotting it out four times a year to turbocharge their ratings? Or do they risk squandering its specialness by running it as a prime-time series, scheduled twice a week on their wobbliest nights? Do they, like a contestant on *Who Wants To Be a Millionaire*, take home their 250 grand (net, let us never forget, one and a quarter) or do they go for the million (net, thanks to usurious tax rates, six hundred thousand)? Do they, in a "the-Dow-is-at-eleven-thousand-is-this-the-top-of-the-market?" sense, take their profit and go home happy, or are they leaving money on the table? The questions, as always, get harder. **NR**

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■ COVER STORY ■

Super Dem

Hillary Clinton blazes ahead

JAY NORDLINGER

So, she's in: Hillary Clinton is running for the Senate. Chances are, she will win. And when she does, she will be a bigger deal in American life than ever. Mrs. Clinton is the very embodiment of left-liberalism in America today—not to mention, one unusual character.

Throughout November, her supporters in New York (meaning, the state's Democrats) were getting antsy. She hadn't committed herself to the race. Polls were showing her running behind the (all-but-certain) Republican nominee, Rudolph Giuliani. She had landed in hot water over a couple of dangerous issues: her husband's clemency for Puerto Rican terrorists, and her non-response to Suha Arafat, as the Palestinian First Lady accused Israel of gassing Palestinian "women and children" (strange how the Israelis had managed to overlook the men). One Democratic state legislator from Brooklyn had actually crossed over to endorse Giuliani. Party leaders were fretting that they wouldn't have enough time to cough up another prize candidate if Mrs. Clinton took a walk on them. Their patience nearing an end, they were asking, "Well? Are you or aren't you?"

The First Lady did them the favor of a reply two days before Thanksgiving. The setting: a room at the United Federation of Teachers, Local No. 2, in Manhattan. No venue could have been more fitting for a major Democratic event, given the status of teachers' unions as Pillar of the Party. Cookies and soft drinks were about for the curious, even titillated, press. They were there in all their ragged splendor: TV folk, print folk, biggies, smallies, opinionists, neutralists, old-timers, and new-timers. Just about all of them were pro-Hillary—you could tell, if your antennae were sharp enough—but they were nevertheless frustrated with her. She had been annoyingly unavailable to the press; and they had tired of her indecision. Many of them were clucking over her as affectionate parents would an exasperating child. They clearly wanted her to get on with the task of slaying the Monster Giuliani.

Mrs. Clinton's other fans did, too. A pair of them rolled in with buttons saying, "Jews for Racial and Economic Justice" (no mention of plain-old justice).

At ten minutes after two, Mrs. Clinton made a regal entrance. Her hostess was Randi Weingarten, president of the union, who delivered a little sermon on class size. This is a current cause of the education establishment, and thus of Democratic politicians. The message? "Every study" proves that a small class size is "absolutely crucial" to children's learning, and Republicans want classrooms teeming like Calcutta. Randi Weingarten lauded the federal government, "led by President and Mrs. Clinton" (we'll be hearing more of this), for—please follow—"getting more money for class size in New York." All the while, Mrs. Clinton nodded robotically. She didn't seem to be listening, particularly; rather, she was on auto-nod.

Then came Virginia Fields, Manhattan borough president, to sing the same class-size song. There were fully "*twenty-seven* students" in the typical New York classroom, a situation that no teacher could tolerate. Next up was a real-live teacher, who proclaimed herself, with giddy enthusiasm and pride, "fully certified!" The crowd burst into applause. The woman might as well have announced that she'd won the Olympic decathlon. She assured her listeners, from the front lines, that class size was all-determining.

When Mrs. Clinton rose to speak, she did so with the confidence and self-possession of the star she is. She wore a smart brown suit, and she looked . . . like a million bucks. Cold, maybe, and slightly unreal, but like a million bucks.

Now, we all know that we're not supposed to comment on a female politician's looks, much less dwell on them (even as we are still permitted to write of "paunchy, cigar-chomping" men). But we must make an exception for Mrs. Clinton. If she was never quite the ugly duckling of nastiest jibes, she is cer-

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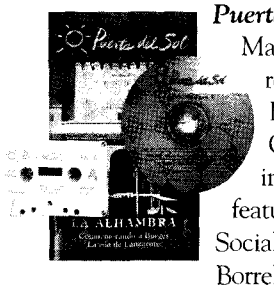

Puerta del Sol in Spanish: Produced in Madrid, this colorful bimonthly has recently visited the island of Lanzarote, the Alhambra in Granada, and the Grand Mosque in Córdoba. The current issue features pieces on the departure of Socialist presidential candidate José Borrell; a new museum dedicated to Saint Teresa; and Cristina Sánchez, a female bullfighter who, having reached the top of her profession, quit.

Acquerello italiano in Italian: Produced six times a year in Rome, *Acquerello italiano* showcases the vitality and style of contemporary Italy. The current edition features an interview with filmmaker Bernardo Bertolucci, as well as segments on Italian humanitarian efforts in Kosovo, Italy's new 24-hour news network, and the canonization of Padre Pio, one of the country's most beloved clerics.

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tainly a swan today. Her hair is dramatically swept back, and she is trim and radiant. Her face is as smooth as an expensive dinner plate. Tom Junod recently devoted an entire piece in *Esquire* to Mrs. Clinton's physical appeal: "She has a sexy mouth, I think," it began. The First Lady looks markedly unlike her pictures of even two years ago. Gail Sheehy, a new Hillary biographer, has said, "I've heard from a number of people close to [Mrs. Clinton] that she's had a chin lift, eye tucks, and liposuction on her thighs and behind." Mrs. Clinton has a fabulously skilled makeover team in New York. Word is that Camilla Parker Bowles, Prince Charles's girlfriend, visited the city several weeks ago to consult that same team, in search of a Hillary-like metamorphosis.

One thing's sure: Mrs. Clinton seems physically prepared for a new life, even as she has declared herself to be inwardly so.

At the union podium, the First Lady was firmly "on-message," bludgeoning the Republican party with class size. Hers is a low voice, a "chest" voice, as they would say in music, with no "head" in it. She speaks in something of a monotone, with a slight midwestern honk. One of her

Mrs. Clinton's supporters love her. Really, truly love her. They look at her with swoony, groupie, grateful eyes.

favorite verbal techniques is "You know, . . . ," at the beginning of a sentence, sometimes pronounced "Ya know" or "Y'know." It is her little launching pad, as in, "You know, the Republicans tried their best to block money for class size." Her lingo is decidedly up-to-date. She uses "reference" as a verb—"those studies that Randi referenced." The language she employs, somehow, reflects the positions she espouses. If you can sound like a left-liberal, quite apart from the opinions you convey, Mrs. Clinton does.

As she spoke, Mrs. Clinton would not let anyone forget a central fact about her: She's an unusually fierce brand of partisan. She does not oppose the other party in the normal political way. No, she seems a dedicated hater, someone for whom the other party is not merely misguided or maddening, but the enemy, now and always. She lays into "the Republicans" with cold-eyed zeal, lacking the least sense of mirth, or irony, or play. She seems to have been untouched not only by her husband's political style, but by his New Democratic thought and "triangulation." There is much, much less give in her, which is why true-believing Democrats love her more, and Republicans fear her more. She evinces no interest in talking to Republicans, or in engaging their arguments, or in winning them over. If Bill Clinton can charm the birds out of the trees, Mrs. Clinton would rather scold and denounce them. Listening to her among the teachers, you would have thought that Republicans were extraterrestrial aliens whose goal was to wipe out the educational facilities of the earthlings.

When Mrs. Clinton finished, Randi Weingarten stepped again to the podium, to initiate the day's drama. Following the script like a Broadway pro, she said, "Now, I'm not known for my shyness, and I have to ask you: Is it yes or is it no?" A beaming First Lady, so coy for so many months, gave her answer: Yes. She was running. The place went nutso. Her supporters leapt to their feet, screaming, cheering, practically dancing in the aisles, in a riot of pent-up energy, relief, and joy. For these people—the core of the Democratic party, certainly in New York—Hillary Clinton is no ordinary politician. They love her. Really, truly love her. They look at her as Randi Weingarten did: with swoony, groupie, grateful eyes. She seems to represent all their political hopes and dreams, which is to say, all their hopes and dreams. After the crowd quieted, Randi Weingarten and Virginia Fields hugged each other. "That was good!" exclaimed one to the other. Yes, from their perspective, it was. Very good.

A CANDIDATE WHO CAN TALK

The civilians filed out, but the press remained, to question the notoriously press-averse candidate. She greeted them with "Happy Thanksgiving"—a most appropriate and unremarkable greeting, but really: This was the strangest "Happy Thanksgiving" you've ever heard—tight, strained, as though a machine had been programmed to say it, and against its will, at that. She may have been beautiful, but she was icy-beautiful, her smile as frozen as her hair.

Her answers were, for the most part, crisp, cool, and electorally correct. She would "scale back" her "duties as First Lady" and "focus more and more on the campaign." She would move into her Westchester County house as soon as the Secret Service permitted. Yes, the president would campaign for her, as "he's done great things for New York, and for the country." She was "heartsick" (a favorite word of Bill Clinton's) about what happened with Mrs. Arafat, but she had been unwilling to "create an international incident," and her support of Israel has been lifelong, undying, unchallengeable. She was chagrined, as a campaign-finance reformer, that the party had to run all those "soft-money" ads on her behalf, but the other side was doing it, and (this again from her husband) "we've got to be competitive." Why, if she had her way, there would be public financing of campaigns, and no private money at all.

In Mrs. Clinton, the Democrats have a candidate who can talk—a critically important thing in politics. The Republicans have been hampered for years by the inability of their major candidates to talk: George H. W. Bush, Bob Dole, et al. Hillary Clinton has a ready and able tongue, if an often mendacious one, and she may well emerge as the single most effective spokesman in the Democratic world.

One of the things that died on Announcement Day, or should have, is the myth of the tough—even hostile—New York press corps. Mrs. Clinton should find her press over the next year relatively docile. Many of the questions asked at the union had the spirit of, "So, Mrs. Clinton, don't you think it would be nice if Mayor Giuliani stopped torturing kittens?" Some of the actual questions were, "Have you learned anything about what you're up against from the harshness of Giuliani's attacks on you in recent days?" and "Are you going to talk about what Giuliani has done to the poor?" and "If you

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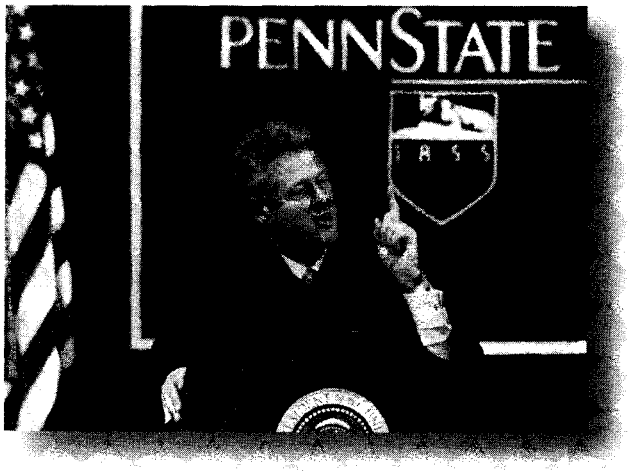

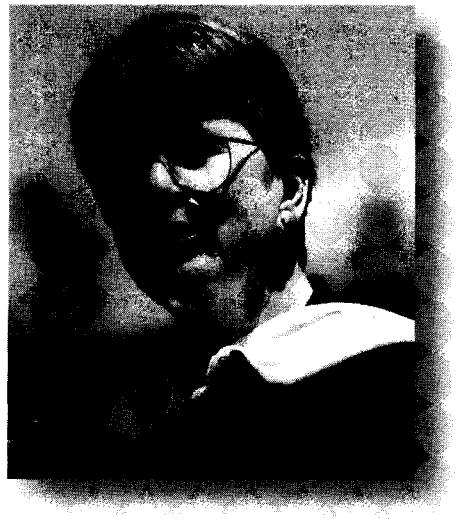

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scale back your duties as First Lady, Giuliani will still be mayor and that will give him a bully pulpit, and don't you think his actions will be more politicized than ever?" A woman in the front row, wielding a Channel 2 microphone, fed Mrs. Clinton a name when the candidate hesitated. At times, the press conference had the air of a Democratic strategy meeting, at which the primary question was, "What do we do to beat this guy?"

Only once did Mrs. Clinton's Stepford mask drop. A reporter—from NATIONAL REVIEW, as you might guess—asked whether she stood by her charge, made in January 1998, that a "vast, right-wing conspiracy" was behind the allegations against the president. A look of fury crossed her face. Her eyes flared, her mouth tightened. "I'm not going back, I'm going forward," she barked, her finger jabbing at the next questioner.

Never before had Mrs. Clinton been asked to account for her incendiary assertion. She has never addressed it: not to

'Some folks are going to have a lot to answer for,' she said. But being a Clinton means never having to answer for anything.

defend it, not to retract it, certainly not to apologize for it. It has been allowed, by the nation's newsmen, simply to fade away. Interestingly enough, she went on to say, in that *Today* show interview, "When all of this is put into context . . . some folks are going to have a lot to answer for." But being a Clinton means never having to answer for anything. In a rare instance, a semen-stained dress turns up, but, still, you attack, attack, and never turn back. When a pesky question does arise, you cry "old news"—news that has been gone "over and over" and that we all should have "moved beyond"—and you warn the asker, George Stephanopoulos-style, that, if he persists, he will be branded a kook, an obsessive, a Clinton-hater. It works. Like a charm.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

The temptation to analyze, or wonder about, Mrs. Clinton is all but irresistible. As we watch this woman burn her way through life, we can't help asking, with the *Wall Street Journal*, Who is Hillary Rodham Clinton? She is not—friends and detractors agree on this—like you and me. In the present season, we have several biographies of the First Lady to absorb. The latest of them is Gail Sheehy's, called *Hillary's Choice*. Thus does the nation's most prominent psycho-journalist examine the nation's ripest object of psycho-journalism. The doctor is in.

Her report is both horrifying and fascinating. This is the Hillary Clinton we think we know, or are afraid we know: manipulative, paranoid, ferocious, power-mad, self-pitying, vindictive, willful, ideological, undemocratic, dishonest—chilling. Sheehy seeks to be admiring of her subject (believe it or not)—she never loses an opportunity to flourish her own left-wing bona fides, vituperating the Right on almost every page—but her reporting, Woodward-like, is too good: The Hillary of the conservative nightmare outs.

Hillary Rodham, as the tale goes, was reared in white-bread, repressive Park Ridge, Illinois, by unfeeling Republican parents (although the mother occasionally bridled at the "patriarchy"). When she arrived at Wellesley College in 1965, she discovered beauty and truth. "It was a time of surging idealism," writes Sheehy, "with bards such as Joan Baez crooning in her crystal-pure soprano." Later, while at Yale Law School, Hillary spent a summer working for Robert Treuhaft, the Communist attorney and defender of the Black Panthers in Oakland, California. (He was also the husband of Jessica Mitford.) "Hillary was only mildly interested in the Panther cause," Treuhaft says, "but she did want to work for a left-wing movement law firm. Anyone who went to college or law school would have known our law firm was a Communist law firm." The radicalism of her student days grew into the left-liberalism of Marian Wright Edelman's Children's Defense Fund, Norman Lear's People for the American Way, and, of course, her pet, "national health care." This is the Hillary Clinton of today, freed from Arkansas, freed from a largely centrist administration that acquiesced in Republican welfare reform, gunning for office in the more hospitable climes of New York.

As for the Clinton marriage, it remains barely fathomable, although Sheehy achieves considerable insight here. Dick Morris, who advised the couple for almost 20 years, likes to say, "Hillary loves Bill, and Bill loves Bill. It gives them something in common."

What kind of wife is she? The wife of Bill Clinton's wildest fantasies, that's what kind. She seems never to have really held him responsible for anything. Back in 1974, when Clinton was first running for office, and the two were not yet married, he was, naturally, fooling around. When Hillary arrived in Fayetteville from the North, she rounded on *the campaign manager*—for having women around. When Clinton was prevented from running for president in 1988 by his long list of girlfriends—such was the quaint thinking of the time—she cried hot tears: because they weren't going to the White House, not because her husband had made a farce of their marriage.

In 1992, when one of those girlfriends surfaced, Sheehy watched in a hotel as "Hillary flipped on the lobby TV and was suddenly faced with Gennifer Flowers playing tapes of her steamy calls to Governor Clinton. Hillary's eyes took this in with the glittering blink of a lizard. Not a tremor of emotion crossed her face. Nothing personal." If only there could be a jury trial, Mrs. Clinton swore, "I'd crucify her"—her, as Sheehy emphasizes, not him. When the "bimbo eruptions" threatened to increase, Mrs. Clinton hired an old acquaintance, Jack Palladino, a private detective from the Bay Area who had worked for the Black Panthers. His job was to track down various of Clinton's women and ensure, through black arts, that their mouths stayed shut. Mrs. Clinton might have been the first wronged wife in history to hire a detective for the purpose, not of unearthing the truth, but of burying it.

And, of course, in 1998, the Year of Monica, Mrs. Clinton lashed out blindly at the press and the conservatives and the "conspiracy" in general. She did display a touch of frostiness

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toward Clinton, as in their awkward walk to the helicopter, on their way to the Vineyard. But, in September 1999, she noted to Lucinda Franks of *Talk* that Clinton's fling with the intern had occurred after the deaths of three people close to the First Couple—and after the government shutdown. *The government shutdown*. You can almost hear Bill Clinton pleading with his wife: "Don't forget the government shutdown, honey!" "He couldn't protect me," Mrs. Clinton told Franks, "so he lied." A former confidant of Mrs. Clinton's says, "I watched Hillary turn the world into Us versus Them. That's how she looks at the world: She and Bill are good people with the grandest intentions who keep getting screwed." Not, some critics might note, screwed enough.

To Gail Sheehy, Mrs. Clinton is, above all, a classic "enabler": "Hillary seems to have no concept of herself as fulfilling this indispensable role in her husband's sexual addiction. The more she 'understands' him and excuses his problems as the result of a 'vast, right-wing conspiracy' and rushes out to defend and protect him, the less responsibility he takes for his own misbehavior. She believes she is doing everything she possibly can to help the hero of their grand narrative." To put it in a less modern way, Mrs. Clinton is a moral idiot. Or, if you prefer, like a victim of battered-wife syndrome, who, when the police come to the door, finding her bloody and bruised, cries, "He never hit me. He would never hit me. I fell down the stairs. Those prying neighbors are always calling the police, always trying to split us up. They'll never know what we have!" During the Clintons' first presidential run, the future First Lady and super-feminist protested that she was no Tammy Wynette, "standing by my man." But would even Tammy allow herself to be so used? Would Bess Truman have? Would Nancy Reagan?

And, oh, can the woman lie! Sheehy provides numerous examples of Mrs. Clinton's prowess in this department. Mrs. Clinton's lies are big and small, strategically understandable and strategically unnecessary, just like her husband's. At her pre-Thanksgiving press conference, she said, flatly, "I don't pay attention to polls"—this from someone well known as a pol who, like her partner, eats, sleeps, and breathes polls. In the '92 campaign, it was to Sheehy that Mrs. Clinton complained that the press wasn't investigating President Bush's alleged affairs—"Jennifer and all these other people." She had heard the rumors from Anne Cox Chambers, the newspaper heiress. Sheehy duly confirmed the prior exchange with Mrs. Chambers. When she mentioned to Mrs. Clinton that she had done so, "she gave me the glittery lizard eye blink. Her voice went cold as a courtroom witness: 'I have no independent recollection of such a conversation.'"

Mrs. Clinton is now, according to Sheehy, in a period of "rebirth." Her chief campaign operative, the flabbergasting Harold Ickes, says, "This is a race for redemption. It's really that simple—redemption." Will the New York public help her?

Consider: Hillary Clinton has itched to be a full-fledged candidate for most of her life. She thought and talked about running for governor of Arkansas in 1990, if Bill opted out. She will run hard, with supreme focus and tenacity, and she will run well. Republicans are rather smug and complacent at the moment, thinking that the carpetbagger is carrying all too much baggage, and that Rudy Giuliani, rescuer of New York City, will be rewarded by the entire state with a Senate seat. But Mrs. Clinton is a celebrity, a superstar, treated ecstatically wherever she goes. Her fundraising (like her opponent's, true) will be national and enormous. Her adoring base—which is probably more motivated than her despising anti-base—will crawl over broken glass on that Tuesday to elect her. She is running in a strongly Democratic state, in which Bob Dole, as the Republican presidential nominee, failed to win a single congressional district—not one, of the 31. She will have the awesome power of the White House behind her—and you can't count on even the Clinton White House to release unrepentant terrorists every week.

If Mrs. Clinton does triumph, she will assume a role similar to that of Robert Kennedy in his last years. She will be the Leader of the Left in America, the conscience of the Democratic party, they'll say. She is bound to be caught in something gross and reprehensible now and then. But she will attack, blame others, and glide on—as Clinton always do. **NR**

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Her Husband's Wife

The First Lady and her truth problem

CARL M. CANNON

"We talk," Hillary Rodham Clinton said of her husband in an interview in a new magazine, itself called *Talk*. "We talk in the solarium, in the bedroom, in the kitchen—it's just constant conversation."

A few weeks later, Mrs. Clinton found herself in a dicey situation over her husband's plan to release 16 convicted Puerto Rican militants from federal prisons, a move widely interpreted as designed to help his wife with New York's Puerto Rican activists. Oh, but this was not so, insisted Mrs. Clinton. Moreover, she maintained, she and the president had never discussed the issue—not once.

Could this possibly be true? It was certainly at odds with the picture she painted for *Talk*, and at the White House, aides looked at their shoes when you put this question to them. But there was more to come. As the criticism of the presidential clemency proposal mounted and Mrs. Clinton sought to distance herself from it, aides to the First Lady reported that she conveyed her disapproval to her life's mate—*in a letter*.

Such conflicting accounts are commonplace when it comes to the Clintons. On November 16, Hillary spokesman Howard Wolfson blurted out on *Larry King Live* that the president of the United States would be moving with Mrs. Clinton into her Chappaqua, N.Y., house after the first of the year. Now, for a sitting president to vacate the White House would be big news, and Mrs. Clinton was asked about this possibility. Replied the woman who boasted of the "constant conversation" that never stops, even in the bedroom: "I haven't really talked to him about that."

And two days before Thanksgiving, when she finally announced for the Senate, Mrs. Clinton said she hadn't told her husband about her impending statement—even while assuring her audience that the president would be campaigning for her. Go figure.

Among the questions that should be posed about Hillary Clinton, the Senate candidate, is a very basic one: Has a close proximity to Bill Clinton over the past 30 years infected her with her husband's indifference to truth-telling?

It seems to be a crucial vulnerability for her: Even those voters who give Mrs. Clinton high marks as a First Lady harbor doubts about her veracity. Asked in an Opinion Dynamics survey whether Mrs. Clinton really believed that her husband's infidelities could be traced to childhood "abuse"—she made that assertion in the *Talk* interview as well—only 22 percent thought Mrs. Clinton was "sincerely" trying to explain her husband's behavior. Asked if Mrs. Clinton was "truly a fan" of the Yankees, only 15 percent said yes, while 68 percent said the claim was "just politics."

Mrs. Clinton, of course, began her flirtation with a Senate run with that claim of a lifelong attachment to the Bronx Bombers, as well her hometown Chicago Cubs. It was vintage Hillary Clinton—self-serving and implausible, but impossible to disprove.

Here's another example: In a recent interview with First Lady historian Carl Sferrazza Anthony, Mrs. Clinton told a story of getting a job in an Alaska cannery the summer before she began at Yale Law School. But, alas, she was fired—she said—after questioning a manager about discolored fish. "They were really dark and spoiled," she told Anthony. "But I guess nobody wanted to know that." Anthony repeated the anecdote uncritically. But how would you check such a claim if you wanted to?

Mrs. Clinton related an even more dubious vignette in December 1997, while addressing a group of Boston high-school kids at a seminar against racism called "Team Harmony." After one African-American senior told of being cut off by a white student who said, "Listen you little nigger, this is not Dorchester," and a Jewish girl told of boys telling vile jokes about the Holocaust in her presence, Hillary said she had a story.

■

Has a close proximity to Bill Clinton over the past 30 years infected Mrs. Clinton with an indifference to truth-telling?

■

She said that during a break in the action of one of her junior-high-school soccer games, she turned to the goalie for the other team and remarked, "Boy, it's really cold." The other girl simply replied, "I wish people like you would freeze." Shocked, young Hillary Rodham asked why she would say such a thing when the other girl didn't even know her. "I don't have to know you to know I hate you," snapped the goalie.

Everybody at the event nodded sagely, but what was this—an example of reverse racism? That would have been a subtle, if un-Clintonian point. But no. On the plane ride home, Mrs. Clinton admitted to reporters that the goalie herself was white. Say what? The way the First Lady told it, the hateful girl was of Eastern European descent and looked upon Hillary as "some sort of uppity, wealthy, white-bread girl." The media reported this as though it made sense.

Mrs. Clinton's most famous bit of misdirection, of course, was her "vast right-wing conspiracy" rationalization for the Monica Lewinsky scandal (only 30 percent of those in the Opinion Dynamics poll believed that Hillary "truly believed" that when she said it). If some of Mrs. Clinton's most doubt-

Mr. Cannon is White House correspondent for *National Journal*.

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What are the facts?

Victimized by Arab Myths. Israel is the only country in the world whose legitimacy, whose "right to exist", has always been questioned. From its very beginning, from before its birth, Israel was surrounded by mortal enemies,single-mindedly obsessed with its destruction. The very day of its birth, in the truncated and minuscule territory assigned to it by the United Nations,six Arab armies invaded the newborn state. In what was clearly a biblical miracle, the invading hordes were defeated by the ragtag Israeli army.

In 1967, the same aggressors launched another attack against Israel, from the north (Syria), from the south (Egypt), and from the east (Jordan). The Six-Day War resulted in a complete rout of the Arabs, and a victory for Israeli arms that will be studied in war colleges for centuries to come.

Unable to vanquish Israel on the battlefield, the Arabs launched a propaganda war that has been very successful, and which the Jews (despite their reputation for being so "smart") have clearly and irretrievably lost.

Among the many myths propagated by the Arabs are that there is such a thing as a "Palestinian nation" (it's a concept that is not more than 40 years old); that the Israelis (Jews) are "occupiers" (if they were, who would be the sovereign that they displaced?); that Jerusalem is Islam's "third holiest city" (it's never once mentioned in the Koran, but hundreds of times in the Jewish Bible); the transformation of the age-old provinces of Judea/Samaria into the "West Bank"; the concept of "settlements" (with its connotation of illegality); and much more.

Israel — Utterly Vulnerable. These and other myths are what fuel the insistence of the Arabs, of most of the world, and, yes, also of the United States, that Israel allow itself to be dismembered and to turn part or even most of its tiny territory over to the "Palestinians." All concerned know well—and it has been acknowledged by our military leadership—that Israel would be utterly indefensible, at the mercy of its implacable enemies, if it were to divest itself of the Jordan Valley, of the "West Bank", of the Gaza Strip, and of the Golan Heights. Why then does the world insist that Israel make itself so utterly vulnerable? Does anybody really believe that the "Palestinians", or any of the Arabs, would be appeased, that they would reconcile themselves to the existence of a diminished Israel, even if Israel were to yield everything, turn the whole country over to the Arabs, except perhaps Tel Aviv and its suburbs? Everybody knows the answer. It would be an emphatic "NO", because the very existence of Israel, in whatever reduced territory, is an intolerable insult to the Muslim Arabs, for whom Israel must be rubbed out regardless of the sacrifices to be brought.

> "By its pious insistence on 'justice for the Palestinians' and pursuit of the 'peace process', by fomenting and profiting from the buildup of weapons of mass destruction solely destined for the destruction of Israel, the world actively promotes this second Holocaust."

Why does the world focus on the spurious claims of the "Palestinians", an artificially created nationality that never in recorded history had an identity or country of their own? Why is there no clamor that the French and Spanish give an independent country to their Basque minorities? How about the Kurds, who are under the heavy thumbs of the Iranians, the Turks, the Iraqis, and the Syrians? How about the Tibetans, subjugated by the Chinese; and so many others? Nobody cares. Nobody wants to "liberate" them. It's only the Jews who are being asked to dismember their tiny country, less than half of the size of San Bernardino County in California.

The Arab countries (and Iran) are frantically arming themselves with the most dreadful weapons of mass destruction. As the world knows, it is for one purpose only—their only political objective and their relentless obsession—namely the destruction of Israel. Two or three nuclear weapons would wipe Israel off the map once and for all. Retaliation by Israel, the destruction of major Arab cities, and millions of Arab casualties, would not deter the Muslim fanatics from pursuing their goal. For them, it would be a small price to pay. With Israel dismembered, with five or six Arab states poised to attack with weapons of mass destruction, with 40,000 Palestinian "police" armed to the teeth in Israel's midst, can anybody really doubt that a second Holocaust, even more terrible than the first one, is just about upon us? During the Nazi Holocaust, the whole world stood silently by and didn't lift a finger to prevent the most gruesome slaughter of innocents in the history of the world. In fact, many who were given the opportunity joyfully and enthusiastically participated in the bloodbath. By its pious insistence on "justice for the Palestinians" and pursuit of the "peace process", by fomenting and profiting from the buildup of weapons of mass destruction solely destined for the destruction of Israel, the world actively promotes this second Holocaust. Deep down inside, does the world really want the Jews to live or to disappear?

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ful statements can be chalked up to defending her husband, it is worth remembering that her earliest deceptions were in her own behalf.

Begin with March 1992, when former California governor Jerry Brown accused Bill Clinton of "funneling money to his wife's law firm for state business," adding that "his wife's law firm is representing clients before the state of Arkansas agencies, his appointees."

Clinton's response was to call Brown's assertions "garbage" and bark, "You're not worth being on the same platform with my wife!" The next day, Hillary agreed it was all a smear, saying, "I suppose I could have stayed home and baked cookies and had teas. But what I decided to do was fulfill my profession, which I entered before my husband was in public life."

But Jerry Brown was right: Mrs. Clinton had represented a client before the Arkansas Securities Department, and had dealt personally with the state's top banking regulator, a woman named Beverly Bassett. Bassett had not only been appointed by Bill Clinton, but had worked for him in the state attorney-general's office when she was a law student.

■

If some of her most doubtful statements can be chalked up to defending her husband, it is worth remembering that her earliest deceptions were in her own behalf.

■

This, of course, would prove to be a pivotal issue in the Whitewater investigation. On April 29, 1985, Mrs. Clinton placed a call to Bassett on behalf of a new client, Clinton business partner James McDougal. That call was followed by a letter in which Mrs. Clinton's firm sought approval for McDougal's savings and loan, Madison Guaranty, to raise money by issuing preferred stock.

As First Lady, Mrs. Clinton went to great lengths to insist that another Rose attorney, a young associate named Richard Massey, had actually solicited Madison as a client for the firm. But as James B. Stewart—the award-winning journalist whose book *Blood Sport* is the definitive work on Whitewater—notes, this is a claim "contradicted by every other first-hand participant."

Moreover, Mrs. Clinton's account of the purpose of her call to Beverly Bassett doesn't square with the testimony of the other principals. Mrs. Clinton told the Resolution Trust Corporation that she called Bassett merely to find out who in the state securities-commission office should be contacted by the Rose Law Firm on Madison's behalf. Later, in a Jan. 13, 1996, interview with Scott Simon of National Public Radio, Mrs. Clinton amplified this answer, saying she had placed the call merely to find out a name of a regulator to give to Massey.

But Massey himself told the Senate Whitewater Committee that he knew the name of the regulator he needed to talk to, Charles Handley, *before* Mrs. Clinton placed the call. Massey added that he did not ask her to place it, and noted dryly that, in any event, making a routine call like that was something an associate would do for a partner, not the other way around. In her testimony, Bassett said the call from Hillary was substantive, not perfunctory. In any event, Handley turned down the dubious Madison financing scheme, but Bassett overruled him.

Two days after that 1996 NPR interview, Hillary Clinton said on the Diane Rehm show that when the *New York Times* broke the Whitewater story in 1992, "We took every document we had, which again I have to say were not many, we laid them all out . . ."

This was not true, either. This was a description of the kind of cooperation the *Times*'s reporter, Jeff Gerth, had asked for, but *not* received, from the 1992 Clinton campaign. When asked about this discrepancy, the Clinton White House did a rare thing: It issued a retraction.

Of special interest to Gerth—and to subsequent investigators—were Mrs. Clinton's billing records for work she did for Madison Guaranty. Much has been written about the disappearance of those records and of their mysterious reappearance in the White House residence two years after they were subpoenaed. Mrs. Clinton testified before a grand jury that she had no idea how they resurfaced. When the FBI discovered Mrs. Clinton's fingerprints on the records, her handlers conceded that she "might" have touched them in 1992. (That's right, the year she was supposedly laying it all out there for the *New York Times*.)

And then there was this question: What was in those records that would prompt this kind of skullduggery?

This: Mrs. Clinton billed Madison for some 60 hours of work—at $120 an hour—and half of that time entailed work for a sham real-estate transaction called Castle Grande. And yet, when Mrs. Clinton was asked by the RTC investigators about several McDougal projects, including Castle Grande, Mrs. Clinton replied, "I don't believe I knew anything about any of these real-estate parcels and projects."

After the billing records surfaced and the White House was questioned publicly about the discrepancy, Mrs. Clinton said that she knew "Castle Grande" by the initials IDC, the company that originally sold the 1,100-acre parcel to McDougal. This, too, is contradicted by others involved in the property, by contemporaneous newspaper accounts, and even by government documents, which called the development "Castle Grande."

Mrs. Clinton also denied under oath that she had had anything to do with the 1993 firings at the White House Travel Office. But again, this is not the way those involved recall it. They recall Hillary badgering top White House aides—Vincent Foster Jr., Thomas F. "Mack" McLarty, David Watkins—for immediate action on this. Watkins's notes, later obtained by Congress, quoted the First Lady saying: "We need those people out—We need our people in. We need the slots."

McLarty's own subpoenaed notes were more succinct on the Travel Office. "May 16—HRC pressure," he wrote. Congress also obtained the notes of former White House deputy press secretary Lorraine Voles, quoting Hillary confidante Susan Thomases as saying, "Hillary wants these people fired."

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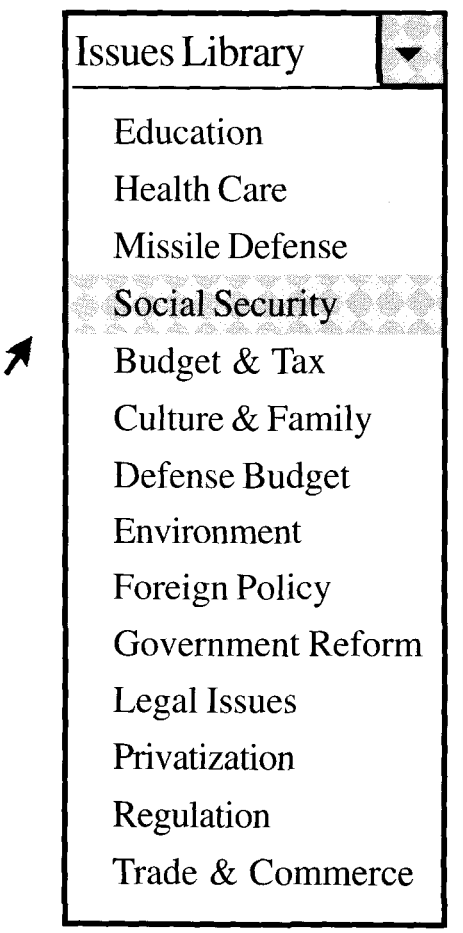

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When Mrs. Clinton's adventures in the cattle-futures market came to light—she netted a $100,000 profit on a $1,000 investment over just a few months—White House officials, after conferring with her, said she personally had made all the trades, sometimes after consulting with family friend Jim Blair. They said Hillary dealt directly with her commodities broker, Robert L. "Red" Bone, and that she gleaned her expertise from reading the *Wall Street Journal*.

None of these assertions turned out to be accurate, as the White House was later forced to acknowledge. Blair executed many, if not all, of the trades himself; Red Bone said he couldn't recall ever dealing with Hillary Clinton in his life; and it was inside information on the cattle market—not the *Wall Street Journal*—that was fueling the remarkable activity in Red Bone's Springdale, Ark., brokerage.

So what is one to make of all this?

Well, for one thing, Mrs. Clinton's tendency when speaking publicly is to offer versions of events that are one-sided and designed to make her look good. Part of this is just the way politics is practiced. The problem comes when Mrs. Clinton slips, like her husband, from self-serving spin into assertions much more tenuously connected to reality.

Remember the first time we really saw Hillary Clinton? She was sitting beside her husband on the set of *60 Minutes*, parrying embarrassing questions, until she finally spat out: "I'm not sitting here as some little woman standing by my man like Tammy Wynette." Actually, that was exactly what she was doing.

It reminded one old-timer covering the campaign of Joseph McCarthy's line, "I have here in my hand . . ."—when, in fact, he had nothing in his hand. But I found the Tammy Wynette line more subconscious, and more revealing, than simple sleight of hand. It reminded me of the poignant scene in *Fear Strikes Out*, in which Jimmy Piersall says, "I'm where I am today because of my father." Where he is at that moment, of course, is a mental institution.

The family pressures on Mrs. Clinton—living for 30 years with Bill Clinton—can hardly be imagined. Perhaps Hillary Clinton deserves, not a break on this issue of honesty, so much as a fresh start. The New York Senate race, we've been told, is a chance for Mrs. Clinton to establish her independence from her husband. If so, she could stamp herself as, if not "a new kind of Democrat," at least a new kind of Clinton, with one easy step: telling the unvarnished truth once in a while.

The old Clinton way of doing business is, when asked why you sat mute while the wife of Yasir Arafat was spewing hate-filled conspiracy theories about Jews, to say, patronizingly, that yes, some people wanted me to cause an international incident that would have jeopardized the peace process, but I didn't feel that that was the appropriate place to make a scene. That's what Mrs. Clinton has already said.

The new way—the genuine New York way, actually—might be to say, "You know, boys, it's a good question. I'm not sure, but I *think* the reason I didn't say anything is I was so stunned at the wacky bulls*** I was hearing that I was speechless."

Wouldn't that be refreshing, after seven years of the other? **NR**

First Steps

A new strategy for pro-lifers

CLARKE D. FORSYTHE

WHEN Bill Clinton was elected president, columnist Charles Krauthammer wrote that the national argument about abortion was over. Seven years into the Clinton era, it is timely to ask: What is the objective of the pro-life movement? And what strategy should we pursue?

One formulation of the objective comes from Richard John Neuhaus: We seek "a society in which every child is protected in law and welcomed in life." This statement captures the important truth that a real solution to abortion must take account of both law and culture.

Because the 1973 *Roe* v. *Wade* decision created a national right to abortion, and declared that unborn children are not "persons" entitled to the same constitutional protection as born children, the political goal most frequently mentioned by pro-lifers has been a Human Life Amendment (HLA) to reverse *Roe*. An HLA would declare unborn children to be "persons" deserving equal protection under the Constitution.

Unfortunately, no one has devised a realistic plan to enact an HLA. Early efforts to pass such an amendment in Congress, in the 1970s, were based on the assumption that the public would reject the *Roe* decision. That didn't happen, and the HLA was pushed off the table as a result.

But there is a more realistic strategy we can pursue. If pro-lifers pare down their medium-term goals, they might be able to change the political dynamics of abortion—and, in the longer term, even make abolition possible. What I propose, specifically, is a strategy based on eliminating the *national* right to abortion, through a federalism amendment. *The first step in achieving meaningful social and legal constraints on abortion is returning the issue to the states.*

IS THE ARGUMENT OVER?

In Supreme Court deliberations, the pro-life cause is back where it was before Ronald Reagan was elected—with neither a majority inclined to overturn *Roe*, nor a president willing to appoint anti-*Roe* justices. The pro-abortion majority has only gained on the Supreme Court since Clinton took office in 1993, with the addition of Justices Ginsburg and Breyer. Every indication is that this Court will invalidate any abortion legislation, state or federal, that flies in the face of pro-abortion precedents. And a personhood ruling by the Supreme Court (an HLA by judicial decision) has been rejected by virtually every justice.

But the fact remains that, 26 years after *Roe*, Americans see abortion as a "necessary evil." Both words here are impor-

Mr. Forsythe is an attorney and president of Americans United for Life, a national public-policy organization.

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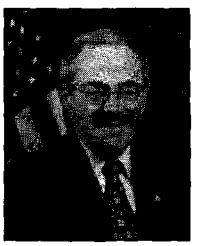

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tant. That Americans see abortion as an *evil*, there is no doubt. A poll released last January reported that 50 percent of Americans see abortion as "murder." That reinforces a 1991 Gallup survey, which put that figure at 49 percent, and showed that an additional 28 percent saw abortion as at least "the taking of human life." So, a total of 77 percent view abortion as at least the taking of human life, if not murder itself. *That* argument is over—and our side won.

But many Americans also believe abortion is *necessary*, to avert the back alley. The public has bought some historical myths created by abortion advocates, chief among them that abortion law did not prevent abortions; that, before *Roe*, hundreds of thousands of illegal abortions were performed every year; and that hundreds, or even thousands, of women died every year from illegal abortions.

In other words, the public believes that prohibiting abortion would not only fail to reduce the number of abortions, it would have other bad consequences as well.

These rhetorical tactics have convinced Americans that the only realistic option is to persuade women to choose something other than abortion; legal prohibitions are not a reasonable or effective solution. The most enduring and effective argument that abortion proponents have used over the last 30 years can be summed up in the coat hanger. It is a practical argument, not a philosophical one. It is the reason polls show that a majority of Americans think abortion is murder, and that it should nonetheless remain legal: alternatives, prevention, adoption—yes. Criminalizing—no. (This also explains why most Americans support practically any regulations short of criminalization.)

■

There will be no dramatic change in public opinion until the pro-life cause overcomes the myth of abortion as a necessary evil.

■

There will be no dramatic change in public opinion until the pro-life cause does the heavy lifting that is required to overcome the myth of abortion as a necessary evil.

STATES WILL PROVE ABORTION ISN'T NECESSARY

This is where a federalism amendment could make a huge difference. To see how, it is important to understand the specific practical impact of *Roe* v. *Wade*.

Roe did two things. First, it created a national right to abortion, empowering the federal courts to block state enforcement of abortion laws. As a practical matter, that prevented the states from prohibiting the abortion trade. (At least one state, Rhode Island, tried to enact comprehensive anti-abortion legislation in the face of the Supreme Court decision; that legislation was blocked by injunction. After the *Webster* case in 1989, Louisiana and Guam also tried strong legislative approaches, but these too were invalidated by the courts.)

By creating the most permissive national rule imaginable, the Supreme Court paralyzed the democratic process. It prevented the people from expressing their will on the issue of abortion through legislation, as they had for at least 150 years before *Roe*. As a result, public policy does not reflect public opinion. Most Americans oppose most abortions, but the Supreme Court stands in their way and prevents abortion limits from being enacted and enforced. Unless this is changed, the number of abortions cannot be significantly reduced. This is the lesson of 26 years of post-*Roe* history.

The second component of *Roe* was its declaration that an unborn child is not a "person" with rights protected by the Constitution. While this has been a focus of great philosophical fervor, it did not, as a practical matter, introduce a new obstacle to legal protection for the fetus. All it meant was that the states could legalize or promote abortion without violating the federal Constitution—but 15 states had already done that between 1967 and 1973. What prevented states from legalizing abortion prior to 1973 was culture, not law.

A federalism amendment would address the first component of *Roe*—the one that has done the most harm. It would overturn the national right to abortion and get the federal courts out of the way of blocking state laws against abortion. The amendment could be phrased like the one introduced by Sen. Orrin Hatch in 1981: "A right to abortion is not secured by this Constitution. The Congress and the several states shall have the concurrent power to restrict and prohibit abortions: Provided, that a law of a state which is more restrictive than a law of Congress shall govern."

This kind of amendment would eliminate the great corruption of the political process introduced by *Roe*. It would bring abortion back into the arena of legislative discussion and deliberation—an arena from which it has been barred only by the action of an overly aggressive judicial branch. Pro-lifers often complain that the meaning of "pro-life" has been diluted, as politicians claim to be pro-life while favoring all kinds of hedges and exceptions. But this is not really the politicians' fault; they can't justly be blamed for lack of vigor in an effort that, after all, the courts have forbidden them to win. A federalism amendment would send the issue back to the state legislatures, and allow them to enact meaningful restrictions.

A MORE PRACTICAL STRATEGY

Of course, such an amendment would not be a panacea. While it would remove the biggest practical obstacle created by *Roe*—its interference with the effective exertion of the popular will—it would not, by itself, supply that popular will. But compared to other commonly suggested strategies, it is clearly the most practical.

Many pro-life leaders, for example, remain focused on the need for a Human Life Amendment. Their principle is sound: An unborn child should be protected to the same extent as a born child.

Unfortunately, after 26 years of abortion on demand, there is no realistic, viable plan for achieving an HLA in the context of today's culture. Many pro-lifers still talk about an HLA as our ultimate goal, but there have been no practical plans to enact one ever since the last time the measure failed in Congress. That was in 1983—16 years ago. Many of us now seem content with vague assertions that it might take "30 years" to pass an HLA.

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But even that may be unrealistic. To pass an HLA would require moving public opinion from the status quo—abortion on demand—to public support for a nationwide rule of no abortions. And we would have to achieve this dramatic change in public opinion *through exhortation alone*. As long as *Roe* is still in place, we cannot demonstrate in any practical way how legal limits on abortion might work in real life. In a *Roe* world, we can't prohibit abortions in any state, or at any time of pregnancy. In calling for an HLA, we would be asking the public to choose between the status quo and an uncertain future with abortion banned everywhere. Abortion proponents need only raise the specter of the back alley, and it's game over.

Michael Schwartz, executive director of the Congressional Family Caucus, has observed that "a human life amendment can be attained only when there is a firm and very broad consensus in favor of the right to life, and that can happen only when abortion is relatively rare." That's a sobering truth. One of the major differences between seeking an HLA in 1973 and seeking one 26 years later is that, in 1973, abortion had not yet pervaded the culture. Since then, the repeat-abortion rate has nearly tripled. It's extremely doubtful that Americans would vote for an HLA at the same time that the culture still condones 1.2 million abortions per year. The cultural attitudes that allow this rate of abortion are not the attitudes that will support an HLA.

So, the practical challenge remains: How can we make abortion "relatively rare," as long as *Roe* is in place? The short answer is: We can't. In this sense, a federalism amendment can be seen not as a substitute for an HLA but as a necessary means for achieving one. Only a federalism amendment could open up the political and legislative process for pro-life measures. The only way to get to a national decision that we should protect the unborn is by building a consensus through real-life political and policy changes. *In other words, the only way to get to an HLA is through a federalism amendment.*

The HLA is (understandably) the darling of the pro-life movement. But pursuing it in the absence of a federalism amendment is doomed to fail. Other strategies, too, have serious flaws. Consider a few of those strategies:

Have the president confront the Court. Some object that constitutional amendments are simply too difficult to enact. What we need instead, they argue, is a pro-life president who will make bold changes in the judiciary.

Proponents of this strategy raise the analogy of Lincoln, who rejected the Supreme Court's support for slavery in the *Dred Scott* decision. But that analogy can be extended only so far. It is not enough to have a pro-life president; it is also necessary to have a pro-life Senate. What are the realistic prospects of achieving both in the near future? Even if both are achieved, what are the chances of having three or four seats to fill during the pro-life president's term? Whatever Lincoln may have said about the *Dred Scott* decision, he was able to pack the Court, and only because the South seceded from the Union, dramatically altering the makeup of the Senate. A modern president would have only a very slim chance of changing the Supreme Court to the extent that Lincoln did.

Have Congress confront the Court. Others suggest that we build on our relative success with partial-birth abortion with more aggressive legislation—in effect, ratcheting down abortion, step by step, through federal law. But the notion that we can use a federal partial-birth–abortion ban as a foundation for ever greater federal prohibitions is misguided. The Supreme Court will obviously block such a strategy.

Enact a Human Life Bill. Some urge that Congress enact a human-life statute. The Supreme Court stated in *Roe* that it didn't know when human life begins; a human-life bill would fill this gap, by defining human life as beginning at conception.

Even if such a bill had ever been feasible, it is no longer. In its 1997 decision in *City of Boerne* v. *Flores*, the Supreme Court struck down a bill on the grounds that it was an unconstitutional attempt by Congress to make a "substantive change in constitutional protections"—which is exactly what a human-life bill would try to do. The meaning of *Boerne*, as law professor Michael McConnell has said, is that "Congress is limited to enforcing the Fourteenth Amendment *as construed by the Court*." In the aftermath of *Boerne*, the justices would likely strangle any human-life bill in the cradle.

Wait and see. The most common pro-life response to a federalism amendment will be that it's simply premature to try to pass such a measure. And in saying this, they would be quite correct. But the fact remains that a great deal of preparation—and substantial cultural change—would be necessary before *any* amendment could be successful. If—as I believe is clear—an HLA is impossible until Americans first have a chance to live under the kind of local pro-life provisions that would be possible only under a federalism amendment, it would be unwise to spend the next decade working as though an HLA were the first and only goal.

DEVISING A NEW STRATEGY

There is no silver bullet that can restore the sanctity of human life in American law and culture: not a new president, not a new Congress, not a new program. Abortion on demand does not exist solely because of the Supreme Court; that's why restoring the sanctity of human life will require a broadly based legal, political, cultural, and educational strategy.

That's why we should *not* ask Congress to consider a federalism amendment in 1999, or 2000, or even 2001. What we should focus on is the immense political and educational groundwork that needs to be laid to prepare Congress and public opinion for such an amendment. Americans are already ambivalent on abortion. Our task is to convince them that a national rule of abortion on demand is unnecessary and that states should be free to adopt alternative approaches.

This does not foreclose, but rather makes more likely, the possibility that someday the Constitution itself will explicitly protect unborn human life. For this reason, the federalism amendment need not cause harmful divisions within the pro-life movement. Every social-reform movement in American history, after all, has experienced division of some kind or another; it is the necessary function of leadership to articulate principled goals, devise a promising strategy, and engage in effective action. Only that kind of leadership will give our movement the unity it needs—and it is in this spirit that I offer this proposal. **NR**

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Elle to Pay

Beauty and wisdom in Spain

REID BUCKLEY

FOR all the evident corruption in our manners and morals, we Americans cannot take pride of place.

This past summer, in Spain, I was impressed by the curious mixture of culture lag and cross-Atlantic cultural fertilization when my wife brought home a copy of the flossy women's magazine called *Elle*.

Elle is a fashion mag-with-a-message, a Gallic/Hispanic mirror of *Cosmopolitan*. The August 1999 issue features on the cover fetchingly blonde, blue-eyed, fuchsia-lipped Daniela Pestova, who stares seductively at the reader in a Jill Stuart bib dress (it resembles the top of a pair of blue jeans cut from semitransparent material) that exposes the hang and volume of Mlle Pestova's upper-right breast (which, along with its mate, will soon sag to her navel if she continues donning such outfits). She epitomizes the new "Lipstick Woman," apparently. Other attractions blazoned on the cover are *Adiós al top less* [Goodbye, Topless] *y bienvenida al desnudo integral* [and Welcome, Total Nudity]. Another: *Lesbianas muy chics* [Real chic lesbians]. *Gustan a los hombres* [They like men], *pero ellas las prefieren ultrafemininas y sexys* [but they like 'em ultrafeminine and sexy].

If the cover fails to turn you on, the contents page may. Featured there is *el look ninfa* (the Nymph Look), illustrated by a picture of a remarkably beautiful young woman with swept-back Miss Liberty hair, reclining on a divan and robed in an off-the-shoulder diaphanous rose-pink Grecian tunic that translucently reveals her breasts, nipples, belly, left flank, and legs. These (the legs) are flung over the nether arm of the divan, the back of her long-boned left hand resting on her hip palm up, fingers curled, thereby concealing the shadowy arc of her pubis. Another picture, in black and white, shows an exceptionally sultry brunette—a classical Spanish beauty one envisions with a rose between her teeth and a tortoiseshell comb: eyes of Nefertiti, blue-black hair combed severely back across the ears into a bun—dressed in a midriff top and a multitude of tulle skirts, her left hip cocked in a flamenco dancer's attitude ("Come and get it, baby, if you're man enough"), left hand, arm akimbo, hitching the several skirts up to the buttock level, high enough to expose all of her corresponding leg, right hand, arm akimbo, lifting the skirts high on the tender inside flank of her other leg, permitting the skirts to fall between the two hands in a lovely drape of the material just below the model's shadowed crotch.

Mr. Buckley's latest book is *Strictly Speaking*. He is working on "a book chronicling the depravity of American society."

But that is not the most arresting illustration on the page, no. The most arresting illustration, in full color, displays three surly male peacocks who, the caption proclaims, are *tres canallas en el diván* (three swine/blackguards in the divan, whatever being "in the divan" signifies idiomatically). They are children of Genet. They are second-generation Françoise Sagan (*Bonjour Tristesse*) and her punk existentialist crowd.

Don Ernesto Alterio, to the left, sports a goodly mop of curly black hair, combed back from a high narrow forehead, a long straight nose, and a close-cropped Mephistophelean mustache and beard. He is shown in three-quarter profile, chin tucked down slightly, gazing up at the viewer out of large brown orbs surrounded by ample whites, the left eyebrow (oh so artfully) cocked, pink lips tightly clamped. (The fabric of his black turtleneck sags just a smidgen at the belly, poor fellow, immanency of middle age!) Presiding in the center of the picture is Don Mariano Borroso, who wears a highly figured print shirt opened down to the third button. His hair is combed back also, curly and black, but fatidically thinner than Sr. Alterio's, showing more of the high forehead. He stares aloofly at the viewer out of shadowed eyes, lips clamped tight and straight across, in the same f***-off attitude of Sr. Alterio. The third of the trio is Don Alberto San Juan,

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I was impressed by the curious mixture of culture lag and cross-Atlantic cultural fertilization when my wife brought home a copy of the flossy magazine.

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dressed in sky-blue jeans and a tight-fitting matching semi-tank-top, revealing a right arm from top of shoulder to wrist, a limb that is remarkable for its smooth absence of muscle. A fetching elastic band encircles the arm just below its pit, where a bicep, were there one, would begin its bulge. Sr. San Juan's hair is (guess what?) black and curly and combed back from a not so high forehead, showing oily black ducktails at the nape of the neck. He sports a Dr. Faustus beard and mustache that is unsuccessful either because it was just recently sprouted or because he borrows his razor and clippers from Yasser Arafat. Straight black brows, brown eyes, long fleshy nose, and lips clamped in the identical the-hell-with-you expression of his companions.

Nothing more artificial nor so insolent can be imagined than the poses of these three low-life gentlemen, who are so similar in appearance and expression that they might be cousins, and who, one instantly concludes, must either be members of some scabrous Latin-rock group or waiters on holiday from a Mediterranean resort. Presumably, they are idols of the readership of the magazine, who are, almost certainly, teenage and twenty-something New Age Spanish urban females. There are appropriate words in the language for riffraff of their order: *quinquis*, *chulos*, the former term denoting street hoodlums (in England they might be likened

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"Someone Finally Said It !"

Political Correctness has cast a pall over American culture, inhibiting free speech. Christians in particular have been put on the defensive — badgered into timidity. Well, we at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, an orthodox Catholic monthly magazine, can't be intimidated. Sample some of our exciting, inciting, and insightful prose:

The Benefits of Social Stigmas

Three young adults removed stop signs from a road, which contributed to a collision killing three teenagers. The vandals received long prison terms, but they were only imitating their elders. For a generation now we've been removing crucial signs from the dangerous road of life. We removed most of the signs warning teenagers of the dangers of premarital sex and pregnancy. When I went to school in the 1950s, there was stigma attached to unmarried pregnancy and pregnant teenagers weren't rewarded with government checks. As a result, there were few unwed mothers. Moreover, abortion was unsafe, illegal, and rare. Some women were killed or injured by illegal abortions — a terrible price to pay. But maybe that's one reason why there were so few abortions. We've removed the signs saying "Stigma Ahead" and "Danger Ahead," and then we pretend surprise when collisions result.

— David C. Stolinsky in our Dec. 1997 issue

The Sovietization of American Women

Fragments of the old "iron law of wages" still operate. Doubling the potential labor supply by adding women to it reduces real wages toward half of what they were when men constituted the labor pool. It now takes two workers — husband and wife — to earn what is needed to support a family in modest comfort, when it used to take only one. We have come full circle from where we used to look down censoriously on Russian women doing hard physical labor in mines, mills, and factories. A look at our assembly lines and road crews reveals how we've sovietized American women.

— Prof. Rupert J. Ederer in our May 1999 issue

Insulting Pregnant Ladies

Utter strangers strike up conversations, and when they find out that this is not the "blessed" first child, not the "acceptable" second, and not the "you-must-be-crazy" third, but the "irresponsible" fourth or fifth, the conversations can turn into inquisitions laced with stinging remarks. But would they consider giving a lecture on more "responsible" use of the earth's resources to a person buying a vacation home or shopping for a third car? In an age when sensitivity and diversity are said to be prized, one of the last acceptable prejudices is against parents with many children.

— Kathleen Whitney Barr in our April 1999 issue

The Best Sex Ed Is No Sex Ed

There was little sex education in the schools in the 1950s, but there was also little teenage pregnancy. Pregnancy rates rose as sex education increased.

— David C. Stolinsky in our Dec. 1997 issue

Not so long ago there was an effective Christian sex education program. In it children were taught in the home about Heaven and Hell. Heaven is a wonderful place and everyone should want to go there. Fornication might send one to Hell. The teaching was direct and simple and — judging by statistical levels of sexual misbehavior and consequent misery — was effective.

— Joseph Collison in our Jan. 1999 issue

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to skinheads), the latter being the term for pimps, but connoting besides a brash, insufferable personality. (In French there is an appropriate term also, *une tête à gifler*, a head born to be slapped.)

The article itself begins: "5 A.M. After a night of partying and rivers of Jack Daniels, three *sinvergüenzas* (shameless people)—two of them actors and the third a director—expatiate on drugs, sex, and women . . ." The text is decorated with photos of the three *canallas* in various tough-guy, up-yours poses, in hopeful imitation of James Dean, maybe, or Marlon Brando before he became obese, including the thrusting of Ernesto Alterio's brassknuckled fist into the camera's lens (reader's face), displaying a not greatly formidable set of impeccably unscarred and unbroken knuckles . . .

A few pages along there is a pastiche of boxes and sidebars. These are all suitably obsessed with rock or sex. One is headlined *Pornomania*. The text is decorated: on top, with a picture of a naked woman on her back, in bed, being leaned over

■

The corruption spanning Western Civilization is in some aspects more advanced in our country than in Europe, in others a pale derivative.

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by a hairy-chested naked man; below, by a large picture of former porn star Traci Lords, licking the right-hand corner of her upper lip (has no femme fatale learned *anything* since Mae West?), showcased in a ribbed black cocktail dress with thin black straps laced across the shoulders, exposing hunks of bosom in a sweetheart cut.

This is followed by the promised article on total nudity (*Adiós al top less*), decorated appropriately with shots of naiads sunbathing and in the water, nipples sprung, garnished with a listing of (the lowdown on) the several nudist beaches in Catholic Spain; one of which, the Hotel Vera Playa Club, in Almería, is shockingly prudish, insisting on clothes in restaurants.

Then there is the cover feature, the New Age cutting-edge sexual movement nicknamed *lipstick*, which, as it concerns women, is characterized by a handbag crammed with lip rouges of various hues. A bold headline announces that Pierce Brosnan and George Clooney are *hombres lipstick* (males whom the Lipstick Woman prefers), described as "masculine and gentlemanly, but with the souls of *canallas*" (see Messrs. Alterio, Borroso, and San Juan, above). To the Lipstick Woman, bed is to sleep in. For sex—the shower, elevators, yachts, and soft thick suede carpets. (No car washes, airplane seats at 35,000 feet, roller coasters . . . canoes?) Lipstick Women are faithful to their lovers, preferring quality to quantity. Categorized as inexcusable are big doses of drugs, humor (?), and good manners. Although they would never turn down a candidate for a whirl, irrespective of age, bank account, or marital status, they would never permit a Johnny Depp or Brad Pitt to touch "a hair of their clothing." (On my clothing there are few hairs, just lint, but then I am Erst, not New, Age.) Their hearts are reserved for gallants of the classical style. They are not ashamed to enter sex shops. Taboos about matters below the belt don't make the cut on their short list of unconfessable sins. "In their amorous baggage," we are informed, "there are condoms in several flavors [cherry, orange, plum, peppermint, wintergreen], panties that can be eaten [made of meringue?], tangas from exclusive labels, silk veils [?], feather slippers, ice cubes, strawberries . . ." The libidinous imagination reels. The Lipstick Woman is "a lady," these notes end primly. "She permits her thermometer to rise slowly. She flirts [*coquetea*] before saying yes."

Take heart. We in the U.S. do not lag in all departments of venery or perversion. There's the cover piece treating the new U.S. "lobby" (movement) called "lesbian chic," whose figurehead (according to *Elle*) is Anne Heche, the actress. We are informed of the difference between male and female homosexuals, viz.:

> Lesbians: Cultivate a more intellectual attitude.
> Gays: Their image is much cheerier.
>
> Lesbians: Live their sexuality more comfortably.
> Gays: More fearful of evidencing their sexuality.
>
> Lesbians: Rely on groups but fly from *guetos* [ghettos].
> Gays: Adore the *guetos* [like the Chueva, in Madrid].
>
> Lesbians: Consider promiscuity irresponsible.
> Gays: A majority profess sex at one's discretion.
>
> Lesbians: In Spain there are no advertising campaigns targeting them.
> Gays: Even San Miguel beer has aimed advertising at them.
>
> Lesbians: Homosexual magazines don't target women, with the exception of *Nosotras* [*We*, fem. gen.].
> Gays: Magazines targeting homosexuals are fundamentally aimed at men.

I was glad to be set straight. And I was happy indeed to learn that in Spain 40 percent of lesbians are economically independent and 56 percent of them are leftists, which I suspect mirrors American statistics on the subject (more lesbians vote for Hillary Clinton, surely, than for Elizabeth Dole). (Oh, and 50 percent do not believe in God, would you have guessed?) The article asks, Are lesbians becoming fashionable? It replies that in the United States, yes. (Cheers for the home team.) Moreover, lesbians don't cultivate the dyke image in our country. They are beautiful and flirtatious. "Famous lesbians and other unknown militants revive in the United States that [glorious] Hollywood of the 1930s, the golden era of sexual liberty, which with a feather brought down the witches' house [*casa de brujas*] of McCarthy. [I am unable to untangle the anachronism and topical confusion of this statement.] To this species of *lobby* more purple than

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rose (purple is the hue lesbians prefer) is applied the coquettish sobriquet of *lipstick* lesbians or *chic* lesbians. Overcoming the vampire syndrome, they go about in daylight, their reflections can be seen in the mirror, they like each other, and they like men. They want to be mamas, suffer from hormonal changes, and frolic like girls doing their make-up. They are homosexual women who take pride in their lesbian identity, which is much more established than before, thanks, above all, to the gutsiness of the youngest of them. [Their lesbianism] is known in their homes, they have told their ex-boyfriends, and they prefer that [their proclivity] be known at work . . ."

In Spain, however, "the current flows with a lot less strength," the text comments sorrowfully. Only 10 percent (where do they get these statistics?) of gays who have come out of the closet/boudoir are lesbians. The rest lead a furtive and clandestine existence, which is unjust and lamentable. Have lesbians in Spain yet acquired the courage of their homosexuality? the editors ask. In France, Victoria Abril had the bottom to film *Felpudo maldito (Accursed Welcome Mat)*, starring the French lesbian Josianne Balasko, with whom (isn't this sweet?) she fell in love. "But that took place in France." Only recently in Spain has the *Guía para Les (Guide for Lesbians)* appeared, with 500 useful counsels for the homosexual woman. In a forthcoming Spanish TV series, *Más que amigos (More Than Friends)*, a lesbian will appear, to whom, however, "not even an innocent kiss will be permitted." Which is too bad.

What would help Spanish lesbians, the editors urge, is to take part in a movement like the *gay*, a Spanish political lobby, which is every day stronger socially and economically. "They are hedonists, they pool funds, they are not burdened with family responsibilities . . ." They are a force to contend with, and the editors go on to relate the several economic successes of the movement. But there's plenty to be done. "Whereas in the USA it is admitted that there are 10 million [again, these marvelous statistics] lesbian mothers . . . and in Holland and Denmark homosexuals marry, only the Congress of Aragón [Ferdinand the Catholic's old bailiwick], the Parliament of Catalonia, and the Assembly of Madrid recognize [these] couples in [common-law] fact. A lesbian can opt for [artificial] insemination, but *la patria potestad* [parental jurisdiction] is not permitted of homosexual partners. *Poco a poco* [bit by bit]," the article concludes.

As *Elle* makes plain, the corruption spanning Western Civilization is in some aspects more advanced in our country than in Europe, in others a pale derivative. But as *Elle*'s editors note with sunny optimism, *poco a poco*. **NR**

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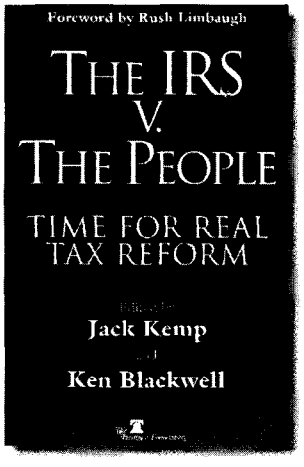
Washington, We've Had ENOUGH!



It is bad enough that the President vetoed the tax bill that Congress passed recently—a tax bill that would have reduced our record-high tax burden. What's even more outrageous is Washington will now keep taking record amounts of our hard-earned money through a tax code that is hopelessly complex, unfair, discourages savings and taxes death and marriage! In *The IRS v. The People*, 14 of America's foremost thinkers discuss why the country's tax code must be scrapped. This book gives readers plenty of reasons to stand up and say, "Washington, we've had enough!" Taxes are too high—the average American family hands over 38 percent of its income to the taxman. *The IRS v. The People* gives taxpayers practical solutions to America's tax monstrosity in a handy pocket guide format.

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HILLARY CLINTON FOR SENATE 2000

November 29, 1999

Hey Lover!

The house is looking so incredibly fantastic! There are still a lot of rooms that I haven't begun to deal with yet (ugh!), but I think some of the basics are taking shape.

The bedroom is looking great. I spent the day at Bed Bath & Beyond in Chappaqua and just got the whole place outfitted. Your office is still the sunniest spot in the house, and I've even picked out a place for your humidor!

The campaign is going really well. Thanks for all your support, and thanks for letting me run such an independent campaign. I certainly appreciated the opportunity to serve as First Lady, and while my permanent address is now here, in New York State (Go Mets! Go Yankees! Go Jets! Go Rangers! Go . . . everything!), we will naturally remain married in every sense of the word.

Still, as busy as I am, I miss you a great deal. I miss giving you advice and counsel on some of the most important issues facing New York State.

Sorry for being so gushy! Gosh, I'd certainly hate it if this letter and your response to it somehow made their way into the national media. That would certainly be a terrible breach of our personal privacy, and yet, on the other hand, perhaps then people would see that we're just a normal two-career couple who have had their share of marital ups and downs.

You're going to love the house, Bill. It hardly bears repeating, and yet, I'll do it anyway: You and I plan to live together here, in this house, in Chappaqua, like a normal, politically moderate upstate New York married couple.

XOXOXOXOXOXO

Hillary

P.S.: Go Knicks! (How could I forget those?)

HRC:mg

cc: Paul Begala
Jim Carville
Sid Blumenthal
New York Times Editorial Board

THE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON, D.C.

December 1, 1999

Baby:

Sure it's lonely down here. I shuffle around in this big old house, making phone calls or whatever, and something funny happens or something upsets me, or maybe I'm just in one of my famous silly moods, and I think, "Where's Hillary? Where's my lady love?"

But I know you've got important work to do up there, running for the Senate (and moving into that house!) and so I'm trying to be strong. Also: I know that soon, I'll be living up there in that house with you, together, as a couple. That's for certain. You can take that to the bank. Absolutely. Positively. I'll be living in that house.

That's for sure.

Hey, I know we've had our ups and downs. (Who hasn't?) But our partnership is working. And I can't wait to live up in New York with you in that house together.

Don't worry too much about me, okay? I'm doing fine down here, all alone. I play golf, deal with the budget negotiations, that sort of thing. And, of course, I like knowing that you're only a phone call away in case I need some advice or counsel on some matter of importance to the country and New York State, which I receive from you quite often in your role as the most influential and respected First Lady in our nation's history. I can't emphasize enough how much I depend on your advice and counsel, though the specific instances slip my mind.

Well, I guess it's time to sign off. I'm going to have a bowl of soup and make an early night of it. We'll be together soon, sugar. In that house. Where I'll live.

Big wet one!

Bill

P.S.: Was this roughly what you had in mind? Anything I need to add? E-mail me with requirements. Regards, BC.

BC:bc

cc: *Washington Post* Editorial Board
Dan Rather

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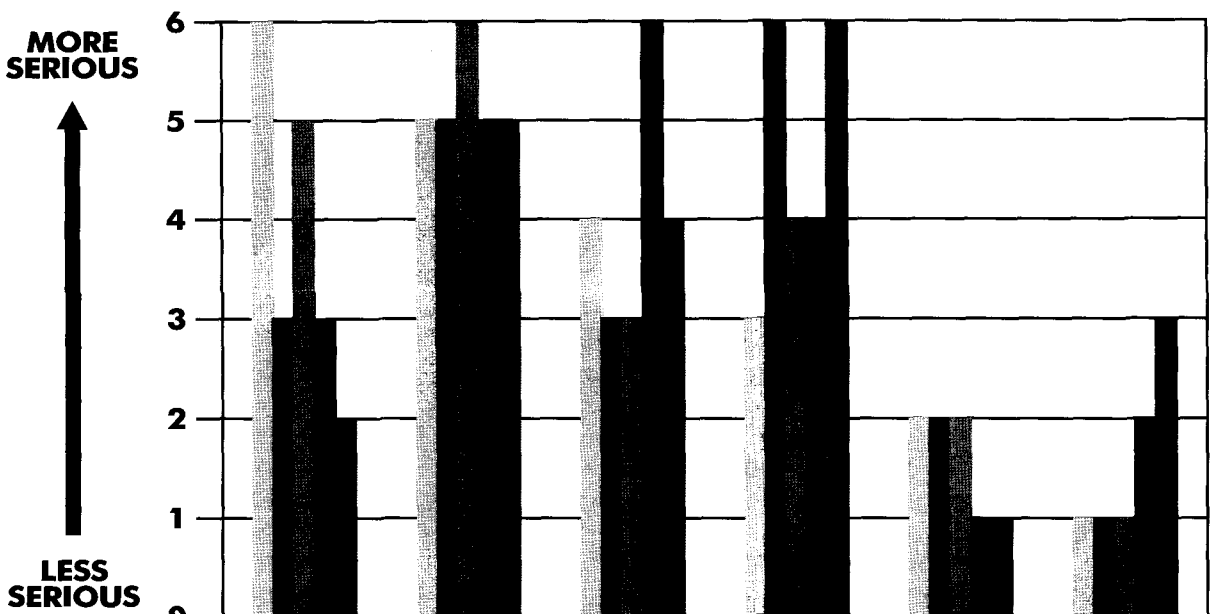
Do Our Drug Laws Focus on the Truly Dangerous Drugs?

Comparing Dangers of Popular Drugs

(Lower score indicates less serious effect)



	Nicotine	Heroin	Cocaine	Alcohol	Caffeine	Marijuana
DEPENDENCE	6	5	4	3	2	1
WITHDRAWAL	4	5	3	6	2	1
TOLERANCE	5	6	3	4	2	1
REINFORCEMENT	3	5	6	4	1	2
INTOXICATION	2	5	4	6	1	3

Source: Dr. Jack E. Henningfield, Ph.D. for NIDA. Reported by: Philip J. Hilts, *New York Times,* Aug. 2, 1994 *"Is Nicotine Addictive? It Depends on Whose Criteria You Use."*

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Dependence: How difficult it is for the the user to quit, the relapse rate, the percentage of people who eventually become dependent, the rating users give their own need for the substance and the degree to which the substance will be used in the face of evidence that it causes harm.
Withdrawal: Presence and severity of characteristic withdrawal symptoms.
Tolerance: How much of the substance is needed to satisfy increasing cravings for it, and the level of stable need that is eventually reached.
Reinforcement: A measure of the substance's ability, in human and animal test, to get users to take it again and again, and in preference to other substances.
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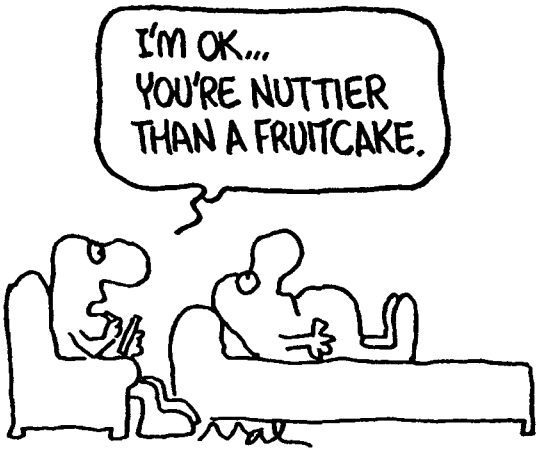

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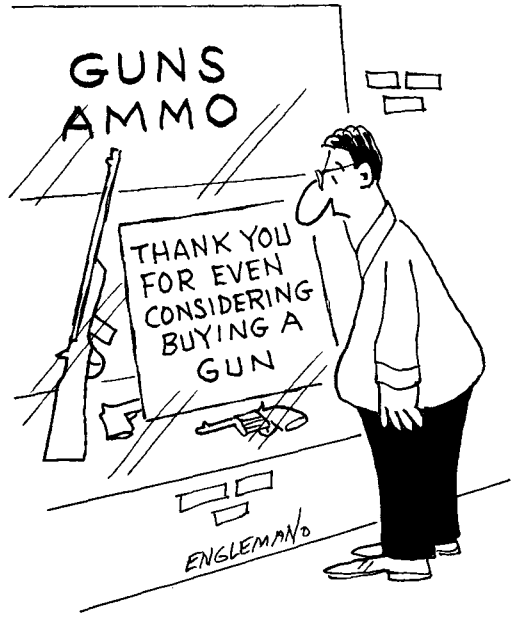

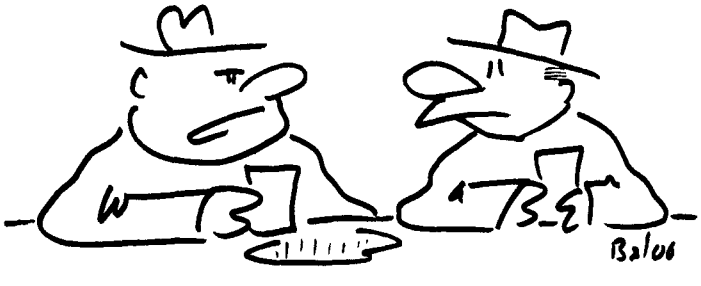

"If I'm always in the right place at the wrong time, how come I don't get off-season rates?"

Bradley's Broadside

Reviving memories of Gore
Escorting Buddhist nuns,
Kimonos stiff with Chinese cash,
Bill Bradley loosed big guns
On this unseemly campaign scene,
A tape that will bring pain
When it's reprised on TV screens
Across the fruited plain.

—W. H. von Dreele

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Our S.O.B.

DAVID FRUM

Joseph McCarthy: Reexamining the Life and Legacy of America's Most Hated Senator, by Arthur Herman (Free Press, 416 pp., $26)

No name in American history has been as thoroughly blackened as that of Senator Joe McCarthy. Julius Rosenberg's defenders can still be tallied in the thousands. George Wallace received sympathetic treatment in a made-for-TV movie. Aaron Burr has Gore Vidal. Even Benedict Arnold has been the subject of a revisionist biography. But Tailgunner Joe's reputation has sunk lower today than at the time of his death, and it had sunk pretty low by then. The verdict has been rendered, seemingly beyond all hope of appeal.

Until now.

Arthur Herman, a program coordinator at the Smithsonian Institution and an adjunct professor at George Mason University, has filed a brief for the defense that is simultaneously audacious in its argument and painstaking in its scholarship. It is a work of vindication all the more powerful for standing so nearly alone, its only company a new novel by William F. Buckley Jr. And it challenges us to rethink our understanding not only of McCarthy's moment, but of our own.

Herman, it should be said straight off, can do only so much with McCarthy the man. Herman freely admits that McCarthy was careless with his facts and reckless in his rhetoric, and that these flaws—bad to start with—were exacerbated by boozing. Herman's McCarthy is crude, ignorant, bullying, and possibly even mentally ill: McCarthy's manic mood swings, his gambling, the chaos in which he worked, his ability to go for days without sleep—these all look to Herman like the symptoms of a hypomanic disorder. But if McCarthy never rose to the marble-statue level of statesmanship, he was, Herman contends, something more than the vicious demagogue he has been made out to be.

Mr. Frum is a senior fellow at the Manhattan Institute. His history of the 1970s, *How We Got Here*, will be published in February.

Oliver Atkins Collection, George Mason University Libraries

Senator Joseph McCarthy listens to testimony at the 1954 Army hearings.

To appreciate Herman's view of McCarthy, it is essential to understand McCarthy's times. In February 1950, when McCarthy delivered the speech in Wheeling, West Virginia, that launched his career, the United States had been locked in a Cold War with the Soviet Union for almost three and a half years. The Soviet atomic bomb, the Berlin airlift, NATO, the Henry Wallace campaign for president, the Czech coup, the Marshall plan, and the Truman Doctrine all predated McCarthy's debut. So did most of the great spy revelations: those of Igor Gouzenko, Elizabeth Bentley, and Whittaker Chambers. So did the purge of Communists from organized labor. The country did not require McCarthy, in other words, to convince it that the Soviet Union and its domestic sympathizers were a threat that had to be repulsed. But repulsed *how*? It was this uncertainty that roiled American politics between McCarthy's emergence in 1950 and his censure and disgrace in 1954.

The Truman Democrats who waged the Cold War in its earliest days tended to see the confrontation with the Soviet Union in terms of power politics: as a struggle not entirely dissimilar to that between the Allies and Imperial Germany or Great Britain and Napoleon. The Soviet threat was in the eyes of these men essentially a military and strategic one, and the proper tools of self-defense were military and strategic as well: bigger armies and navies, economic aid to impoverished allies, pacts, and treaties. Ideology mattered too, of course—even George Kennan acknowledged that. But as the Truman Democrats saw it, Soviet ideology was a snare, a con, that offered the promise of a better world to the naïve and hungry, only to conceal the reality of a ruthless dictatorship.

This scornful interpretation of Marxism-Leninism carried the important implication that succumbing to Marxism-Leninism was at worst an intellectual error produced by an excess of tender-heartedness, at best a reasonable response to deprivation. The refusal to take Communism seriously as a system of ideas was the origin of the strangely indulgent attitude that the Truman Democrats seemed to take toward officials who might otherwise have seemed to present glaring security risks. At least 57 people whom congressional investigators deemed "poor risks" were still employed by the State Department in 1948. (This is the origin

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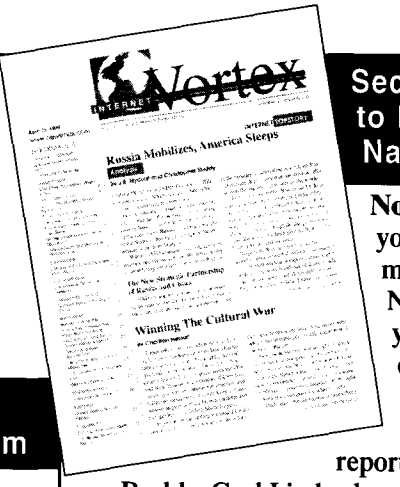

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of McCarthy's famous wandering statistic of the number of Communist sympathizers at State.) As of 1951, Herman reports, "the State Department [loyalty] board had never separated anyone as a loyalty risk, even though 54 people had been allowed to resign in disloyalty cases and another three had been found disloyal but were still in the department pending appeal . . . [T]he State Department had bent over backward to avoid dismissing anyone for Communist associations or pro-Communist views, and was willing to allow people of doubtful loyalty, as it was then defined, to remain rather than have to get rid of them."

McCarthy is held in odium for his accusations that men like George C. Marshall and Dean Acheson accepted security risks into their department because of some lack of loyalty to the United States. Herman has no more time for those accusations than the severest of McCarthy's detractors. But *something* hindered those two wise men from acting as vigorously as they ought to have done to protect their department and their country against those risks, and Herman's defense of McCarthy is based on exposing what that something was. He quotes Raymond Moley, one of FDR's early advisers, confessing in 1953 that McCarthy "was the product of the fright and anger of a 'deceived and injured public,' who had been lied to regarding the Soviet threat both at home and abroad."

The significance of these injuries continues to be minimized even to this day. But they misshaped the post-war world. As Herman writes,

> a good example is how Soviet agents in the Treasury, including Harry Dexter White, Solomon Adler, Frank Coe, and Harold Glasser, managed to stall the Roosevelt administration's dispatch of $200 million in gold to the Chinese Nationalists to prop up their faltering currency. White and the others convinced Treasury Secretary Morgenthau that the gold was largely unnecessary or would be stolen, and urged caution in delivery. By July 1944, of $200 million promised, only $12 million had reached China. At the other end, Adler and Coe introduced a secret Communist agent, Chi Ch'ao-ting, into the Nationalist government as adviser on monetary policy. By the time shipments resumed under Truman in May 1945, it was too late. The Nationalist yen had collapsed, and rampant inflation and a worthless currency (all under Ting's direction) set the stage for Chiang Kai-shek's defeat in the coming civil war.

In men like White or Alger Hiss, the liberal politicians and civic leaders of the 1950s imagined they saw something of themselves reflected back, and this vision crippled them. Richard Gid Powers—the biographer of J. Edgar Hoover—published in 1996 a study of liberal anti-Communism that celebrated the liberal intellectuals who had opposed McCarthyism as fervently as Soviet Communism. Its curiously equivocal title, *Not Without Honor*, conveys exactly Herman's point: that modern liberals cannot escape a certain feeling of ambivalence and even guilt about their rejection of Communism. Joe McCarthy may have been a brawler and a dissembler, but the people who rallied to him grasped this one point: The men he denounced lacked the stomach to see the anti-Communist struggle through to the end. Herman quotes a stern judgment on those liberals by one of McCarthy's intellectual defenders: "They looked upon the face of evil and pronounced it half-good."

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A December 1954 Washington Star *cartoon commenting on the Army-McCarthy hearings*

Herman's book does a fine job of exploring individual cases and exposing the falseness of the allegation that McCarthyism led to the punishment and humiliation of innocent people. He does a fine job, too, of catching McCarthy's political opponents in behavior every bit as unscrupulous as the junior senator's. The New Dealers were as quick with accusations of Nazi sympathies as McCarthy was with his charges of Communist influence—quicker, actually: It was President Truman himself who accused his opponent in the 1948 election of being a "front man" for the same "cliques" that had backed Hitler in Germany, Mussolini in Italy, and Tojo in Japan. Under a Republican administration, Truman charged, "our democratic institutions of free labor and free enterprise" would be endangered. Herman recounts a story of Truman sitting in the Oval Office with an aide, listening to a recording of one of his more vicious speeches. "After listening to a particularly nasty and mean-spirited line come out of his own mouth, Truman exclaimed, 'Did I say that?' Then he smiled. 'Demagoguery—that's part of the game.'"

By the early 1950s, however, Truman- and McCarthy-style demagoguery was ceasing to be part of the game, replaced by the new, cooler demagoguery of television. McCarthy's final collapse had a dozen causes. The Republican president elected in 1952 had no use for McCarthy, and laid far subtler traps for him than the embattled Truman had ever been able to lay. The loyalty mechanisms instituted in the late 1940s diminished the supply of outrages for McCarthy to trumpet. McCarthy's last great crusade—the investigation of a Communist dentist named Irving Peress at the Fort Monmouth, New Jersey army base—was doomed to flunk the ridiculousness test. The abuse of government power by McCarthy's sinister aide, Roy Cohn, to ease the military service of the man with whom he was infatuated, David Schine, offended the sensibilities of the patriotic and egalitarian postwar era. Alcohol addled McCarthy's wits, which were not that sharp to begin with. It was television, however, that sealed McCarthy's fate. Demagogues in the television era must not sweat, or yell, or sneer, and McCarthy was guilty of all three. They must do their work in a soft voice, in a

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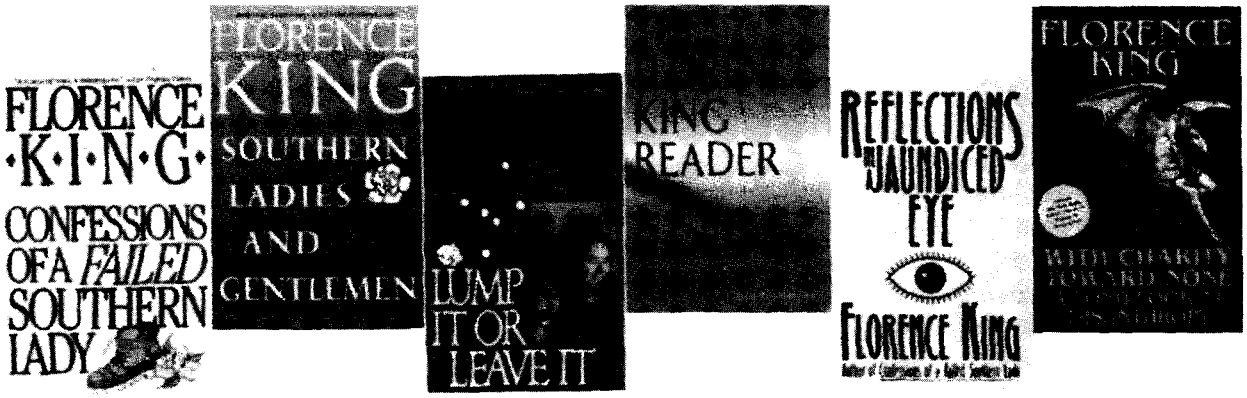

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tone of regret. Army attorney Joseph Welch understood that, and used the new medium to devastating effect against his blustery opponent in the televised Army-McCarthy hearings of 1954.

The ensuing Senate vote to condemn McCarthy crushed his political career, although he retained his seat for two years more and did not die until 1957. At first, the censure seemed to hold out hopes of a calmer and broader anti-Communist consensus. The president who took office in 1961 belonged to a family of McCarthy's friends and supporters: Senator John F. Kennedy even scheduled surgery to avoid having to cast a vote for or against the censure. But the new style of anti-Communism proved no more durable than populist McCarthyite crusades. The Kennedy administration, Herman perceptively observes, "preferred to play it cool and understated—and to play it alone. They kept Congress out of as many decisions as possible, and when the [Vietnam] war turned against them, McNamara and Johnson did not hesitate to lie." Those lies broke the back of the anti-Communist consensus once and for all. The Vietnam War ended in "the nightmare McCarthy had conjured up more than a decade earlier, of American liberals and radicals allying themselves with domestic Communists on one side and with foreign totalitarians on the other. But in 1968 no one dared say a word: That would have smacked of McCarthyism." And when the climactic battles of the Cold War were waged in the 1980s they were waged without any consensus at all, by only half of the ideological spectrum, over the bitter protests of a liberalism whose eagerness for accommodation with the Soviet Union matched anything seen in the heyday of the Popular Front.

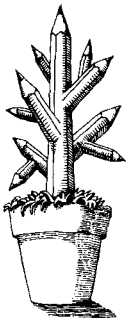
Despite periodic flutters of hope, Herman himself in the end accepts that McCarthy's reputation cannot be saved. But what can and should be salvaged is the honor of the conservative anti-Communism that unwisely accepted McCarthy as its champion. This careful and lucid book does that work of salvage as ably and eloquently as any of the conservatives who ever misplaced their hopes in Senator McCarthy could wish. **NR**

Darkness and Light

RICHARD GID POWERS

Arthur Koestler: The Homeless Mind, by David Cesarani (Free Press, 646 pp., $30)

If capturing the world's imagination and moving it to action are any measure of a writer's importance, there were moments when Arthur Koestler's voice was the most important of the century. A staggeringly productive author, Koestler was also staggering in the range of his political activities—a Zionist and anti-Zionist, Communist and anti-Communist, to name just a few of his most important causes, sometimes arguing pro and con at the same time. He inveighed for animal rights, against capital punishment, and, after a lucrative career as one of the bestselling scientific popularizers of the day, he spent the last 30 years of his life proselytizing for an "alternative" science of the paranormal. His final cause was voluntary euthanasia, and the circumstances of his suicide in 1983 cast a permanent shadow over his memory, since his wife, a much younger woman totally under his sway, joined him in suicide though she had many good years ahead of her.



In this prodigiously researched and satisfying biography, David Cesarani gives us a Koestler capable of epic heroism and low buffoonery, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza in the same skin—capable also, it would seem, of repeated and abhorrent, even criminal abuse of the many women in his life. Cesarani's book has touched off a firestorm that shows signs of consuming whatever portion of Koestler's once-towering reputation has survived the paranormal dabblings that had already made him, in the eyes of many, something of a laughingstock. Cesarani has uncovered one entirely credible account of a rape by Koestler, perpetrated on the young Jill Craigie, the wife of Labour Party leader Michael Foot. He has also amassed enough inferential material to make his charge that Koestler was a "serial rapist" at least worthy of serious consideration. Amend that last accusation to "serial abuser" and even Koestler's most indulgent partisans will have to return a guilty verdict. And so at Edinburgh University, where Koestler's considerable estate has created an academic coven of occultists, his bust has been removed from display in the psychology department's concourse after protests from advocates for rape victims.

Arthur Koestler stood defiantly against all collectivizing impulses, whether political, intellectual, or moral.

Some, though certainly not all, of those most dramatically outraged by Koestler's behavior are motivated by a preexisting antipathy to Koestler's career and ideas, particularly his anti-Communism, and are practicing what our own First Abuser has denounced as "the politics of personal destruction." Still, if Cesarani's revelations are accurate, Koestler's conduct, if made known, would have landed him in jail even in the most benighted era.

But let it be remembered also that Arthur Koestler was a great man, both in the reach of his aspirations and the grasp of his achievement. He possessed in full measure a hero's moral and physical courage, which he exhibited on countless occasions to rescue victims of the political madness of our violent century. Among those rescued were several of the women he had earlier abused (who had remained quite friendly with him, even after he had dropped them). Daniel Patrick Moynihan once remarked of presidents that he had known six of them, and that up close, none of them was very pretty. The same can probably be said of most men and women of unusual talent and accom-

Mr. Powers is the author of *Secrecy and Power: The Life of J. Edgar Hoover* and *Not Without Honor: The History of American Anticommunism.*

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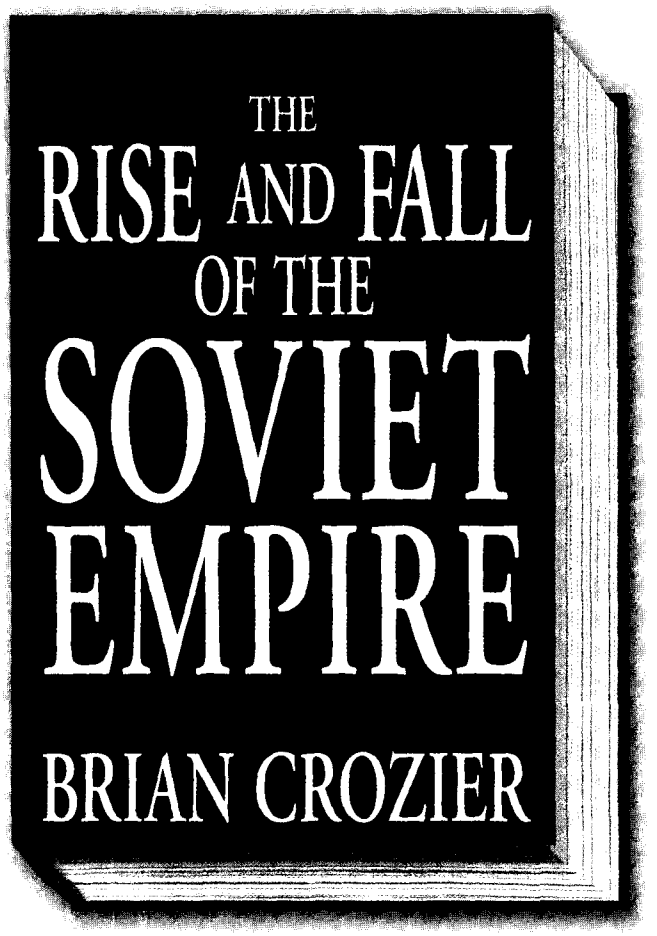

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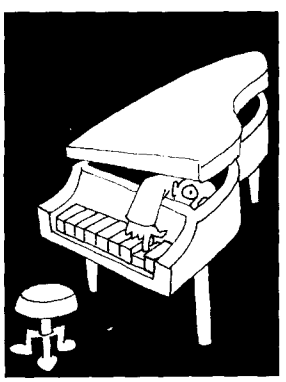
plishment. It certainly applies to Cesarani's Koestler.

Born in Budapest in 1905, Koestler joined the German Communist Party in 1932, first assigned to the underground. Then he toured Russia producing agitprop journalism, worked in Paris with that genius of propaganda, Willi Muenzenberg, and reported the Civil War in Spain, where he was imprisoned and narrowly escaped the firing squad.

Stalin's purge trials provided the proximate cause for Koestler's quitting the Party in 1938. He also rejected the "ossification" of Communism, as Communists had to conform to a rigid, paranoid orthodoxy in which the "Trotskyite-Nazi conspiracy . . . is gradually beginning to occupy for us the role *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* occupies in the minds of the Nazis." He complained, too, of the suffocating grip of Party discipline on his writing.

Koestler's effort to explain his break with Communism led to his greatest artistic achievement, *Darkness at Noon*. Recently ranked, for what such rankings are worth, as the eighth-greatest novel of the century, it is the story of an old Bolshevik unjustly sentenced to death for counterrevolutionary treason. His interrogators lead him to concede that, according to the revolutionary ethic he still embraces, he cannot value his individual life over the needs of the Party. He agrees that he must accede to the Party's demands, even to the point of signing a false confession that includes a denunciation of a similarly guiltless "opposition." Before death he has a vision that reveals the infinite value of every human life, his own included, and the realization that he and the Party had "been running amuck—the running amuck of pure reason."



Koestler's masterpiece was heavy artillery in the intellectual counterattack against Communism. He followed it with an autobiographical essay—perhaps the most important of those very influential pieces—in Richard Crossman's landmark *The God That Failed* (1950). He then figured as one of the leading—and most disruptive—founders of the Congress for Cultural Freedom in Berlin in 1950. He subsequently gave up politics in order to devote himself to his enormously popular memoirs, which cannot be overrated either as elegant writing or for their insights into the dramas of the 20th century as experienced and interpreted by one of its most intelligent protagonists.

Cesarani's biography is a book with a thesis—that one key to understanding Koestler is his Jewish background and consciousness. In part, this thesis was imposed on Cesarani as the price of admission to the Koestler archives at Edinburgh University. The Koestler estate had already authorized a biography to be published next year and did not want to help the competition. Cesarani had to agree to write not a full-length biography, but simply a study of Koestler and the Jews.

Cesarani certainly proves that throughout his life Koestler was immersed in Jewish causes, and that Koestler's personality is inconceivable without its saturation in the Jewish experience. But Cesarani goes too far in arguing that Koestler's Jewish background explains his career. Millions of Jews were buffeted by the anti-Semitic tidal waves that crashed over 20th-century Europe, but that didn't make them Arthur Koestlers.

What made Koestler unique was his indomitable and often insufferable individuality, his defiant conviction that something mysterious, utterly individual but at the same time universal, was at the core of the human soul, and, for that matter, constituted the core of reality. This was his "invisible writing," and it led to the grandeur of his rejection of Communism, but also to his conviction that destiny spoke to him—cosmic car talk—through the medium of flat tires, smashed fenders, and engine trouble (he was one of the worst drivers who ever lived, and not just because he was so often drunk).

In a conversation with Arthur Schlesinger, who knew Koestler well, I once spoke dismissively of Koestler's devotion to the extravagant side of the counterculture, which led him to bequeath his entire estate to the study of the paranormal. Schlesinger replied that, as a student of William James, he too was prepared to believe in the validity of just about any human experience, though without necessarily endorsing any of Koestler's particular beliefs.

Therein may be found the link between Koestler the anti-Communist, Koestler the crank, and even, perhaps, Koestler the sexual psychopath. Koestler stood defiantly for his own individual experience against all collectivizing impulses, whether political, intellectual, or moral. Carried to an extreme, of course, any virtue can metamorphose into a vice, as it assuredly did in Koestler's private life. It would be a pity, however, if the well-merited condemnation of that private life leads to a dismissal of Koestler's awe-inspiring literary and political achievements. **NR**

Divine Dilemma

JON D. LEVENSON

Desire of the Everlasting Hills: The World Before and After Jesus, by Thomas Cahill (Doubleday, 353 pp., $24.95)

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews: A Jewish Life and the Emergence of Christianity, by Paula Fredriksen (Knopf, 320 pp., $26)

NEARLY a century after Albert Schweitzer published his enormously influential *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, the question of just who Jesus of Nazareth was continues to generate books. In Schweitzer's estimation, previous interpreters had not reckoned sufficiently with Jesus' rootedness in Judaism, especially the expectation of an imminent end-time that gripped certain Jewish groups in his time. This distinction between the historical Jesus—Jesus

Mr. Levenson, a professor at Harvard Divinity School, is author of *Death and Resurrection of the Beloved Son: The Transformation of Child Sacrifice in Judaism and Christianity.*

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the Jew—and Jesus the Christ has not been widely observed either inside or outside the academy. Jesus has been presented by popular authors as an existentialist, a social reformer, a universalist, a proto-Protestant, a feminist, even an Aryan opposed to everything Jewish.

For most Christian writers, meanwhile, Jesus has remained the model for the Christian life, and his death and resurrection the redemptive climax of the life to which he called others and by which they would attain salvation. But there has also been a movement in the opposite direction, more in line with Schweitzer's hopes. Many Christian scholars, feeling the claim of dispassionate historical research, have concluded that their faith does not require them to portray Jesus as having shared it in his own lifetime. These scholars may detect

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Thomas Cahill serves up a Jesus who is not only politically relevant, but also politically correct.

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a challenge to religious commitment in historical criticism, but they do not find it insurmountable, and some find it religiously enriching.

Thomas Cahill's new book conspicuously does not fall into the category of historically aware Jesus scholarship. The former director of religious publishing at Doubleday and author of two previous bestselling books, Cahill has anointed himself the modern explicator of key movements in Western moral and religious development. The first book in his "Hinges of History" series, *How the Irish Saved Civilization*, was an informative and lively account of the unsung role of Irish monks in transmitting classical and medieval learning to successive generations. *The Gifts of the Jews* was a less well-informed account of "how a tribe of desert nomads changed the way everyone thinks and feels"—a genial if misguided attempt at philo-Semitism. The erosion in quality continues apace in *Desire of the Everlasting Hills*, Cahill's new volume on the first Christians.

Though Cahill's notes acknowledge and even enthusiastically recommend

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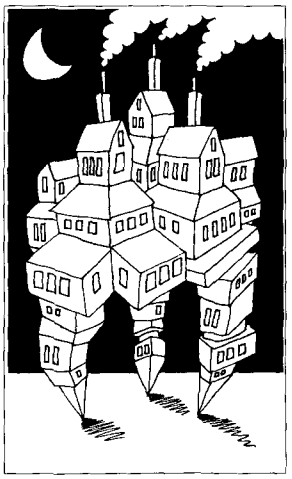
the works of serious historical scholars, his presentation shows no awareness of the methodological challenges that Jesus research presents and the ways modern scholars have met them. Don't waste your time here looking for a careful sifting of the evidence or a hardheaded identification of the ancient authors' biases and reliability. What Cahill serves up instead is a Jesus who is not only politically relevant (at least if one is a liberal of a certain antinomian stripe), but also politically correct.

According to Cahill, Jesus' message (and the message of the early Church, with which he uncritically equates it) was essentially that people should be nice and help the poor. "[T]he first Christians," he tells us, "because they 'held all things in common,' were also the world's first communists." They also constituted an ancient movement for universalism and feminism: In the apostle Paul "we have the only clarion affirmation of sexual equality in the whole of the Bible—and the first one ever to be made in any of the many literatures of our planet." For Paul (as Cahill misreads him), Christian freedom means "freedom from all human rules and conventions." Even transvestitism does not offend Cahill's apostle. If he seems to oppose it, "[h]e is actually only reminding [his correspondents] of the conventions of the time (and that anything too boldly theatrical can give unnecessary scandal to more conventional palates)." And what about Paul's dictum that man "is the image and glory of God, but woman is the glory of man"—hardly a clarion call for sexual equality? When Cahill paraphrases that passage in First Corinthians, he just leaves this troublesome verse out.



As usual, the neglect of ancient texts goes hand in hand with huge dollops of retrojection and wishful thinking. "[S]eparation of church and state . . . free speech, universal suffrage, tolerance, and many other values we would not be without"—these too, though admittedly "achieved in the teeth of virulent Christian opposition," actually "flow from the subterranean river of authentic Christian tradition" and ultimately derive from "the distinctions Jesus made between the religious establishment and true religious spirit." Reading Cahill leaves one astounded that these amazingly contemporary early Christians never came up with Hillary Clinton's health plan, a ban on smoking, and animal rights.

Cahill's Jesus does have an eschatology, but it is a day of judgment that no one need fear: "Jesus' idea of the Time-That-Has-Come has no suggestion of catastrophe, no smell of fire and brimstone in it . . . He does not threaten or condemn." It is not hard to see where in our contemporary culture Cahill got this image of a kinder, gentler Jesus. But it is no small accomplishment to have read the New Testament and the reputable scholarship he lists and still have missed the Jesus who promises that the Son of Man will send his angels to throw evildoers into "the fiery furnace, where there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth." As for the early Christian claim "that Jesus was 'God's Only-Begotten Son' and humanity's only 'Savior'"—they didn't really mean it. "[T]o assert that Jesus was uniquely God's son and mankind's savior seems to push beyond the articulations of the first Christians." Apparently the Gospel of John, in which these doctrines are most boldly proclaimed, can be safely disregarded. "It comes as no surprise that John is often the favorite evangelist of the uptight and unrelenting; and his rigidity can call to mind contemporary churchpeople of several unfortunate varieties."

What Cahill presents is cafeteria Christianity, a consumerist religion in which the individual takes what he likes and leaves the rest. "At the threshold to the third millennium, at the golden gate to a new age of untrammeled global capitalism and its consequent winners and losers," he writes in lamenting the loss of early Christian communism, "we can only shake our heads sadly that such a society exists no more." But is that the only aspect of early Christian society that no longer exists? What about the loss of Jesus' teaching that divorce is prohibited? In an age when a staggering percentage of marriages break apart, does Cahill shake his head sadly at this too? And is Paul's endorsement of celibacy another note the modern world needs to hear, or is his imagined advocacy of gender equality the only teaching about sex that we ought to take seriously?

Cahill shares none of the curiosity about the causes of Jesus' execution that marks so many other historical investigations. "As everyone knows," he writes, "he preached a message of mercy, love, and peace and was crucified for his trou-

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The honest historian respects the differentness of the past, just as the honest Christian accepts the Jewishness of Jesus.

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ble." Why the Romans suddenly felt so threatened by these common Jewish themes Cahill never says. Indeed, Cahill seems painfully unaware of just how common these themes were in ancient Judaism. He observes that Jesus preached "Jewish justice, all right, but justice tempered by an affectionate mercy"—as if the interplay of justice and mercy were not a staple of rabbinic theology. (Cahill's image of "Jewish justice" seems to owe more to Shylock than to the Talmud.) And he casts the most extreme aspersions on the Jewish priesthood without citing a shred of evidence or considering that his sources, whatever they are, may have had biases of their own.

Cahill's errors are all the more egregious in light of the enormous amount that is now known about the actual sources of Christianity and the nature of the early Christian community. Fortunately, another new book has appeared that shows just how much is wrong with the liberal Jewish Jesus that Cahill concocts.

In her tightly reasoned, learned, and readable book, *Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews*, Paula Fredriksen, a professor of Scripture at Boston University, presents a very different view of Jesus, one that makes him much more like an Orthodox

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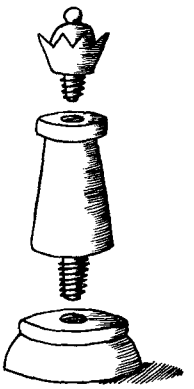
than the Conservative or Reform Jew that Cahill presents. Eager to avoid this kind of sloppiness, Professor Fredriksen identifies the fatal temptation of her profession as "anachronism, the viewing of persons or events out of their historical context." The honest historian respects the differentness of the past, just as the honest Christian respects the Jewishness of Jesus. The historian of early Christianity must therefore sift through the Gospels and other New Testament texts for telltale signs of Jesus as he was before the authors gave him the now-familiar interpretations inspired by their own powerful faith.

An important example involves Jesus' observance of those numerous commandments of the Torah that Cahill disparages. In the main, the early Church viewed these norms as part of an older Jewish tradition that the Christ-event had definitively transcended. At times, the Christian texts are quite vociferous on this point, associating observance of the commandments with spiritual enslavement, faithlessness, and hypocrisy—major elements in theological anti-Semitism to this day. This theology appears already in the earliest Gospel, that of Mark. Thus it is all the more revealing that "running like an undercurrent in Mark's narrative, obscured by the immediacy of his polemical concerns, is Jesus the traditionally religious Jew." This Torah-observant Jesus can be detected in other Gospels as well.



It is thus exceedingly problematic to see Jesus as founding Christianity. It is more accurate to see Christianity as founded upon a particular theological interpretation of Jesus, which the Gospels propound in a narrative mode. But not even the evangelists and Paul intended to found a community that would endure through the ages. In their minds the Second Coming was "not infinitely distant." Paul expected it in his own lifetime, and Fredriksen—like Schweitzer—is confident that Jesus expected the Kingdom of God to arrive in his lifetime as well. (This fact alone renders any interpretation of Jesus as a social reformer problematic.) "[W]hat distinguished Jesus' prophetic message from those of others was primarily its timetable, not its content," she concludes.

So why was Jesus executed? The answer lies in the manner of his death. Crucifixion was a Roman punishment (not a Jewish one) reserved for "political insurrectionists" and intended to make a public example of them. To be sure, "Pilate [the Roman governor] knew perfectly well that Jesus was not an insurrectionist," that, in fact, "he was harmless." But perhaps, she speculates, "Jesus announced that this Passover would be the last before the Kingdom arrived," and this provoked the huge and unruly holiday crowds to proclaim him the Messiah. That in turn would have set Pilate against him and led to his ghastly—and, adds Fredriksen, totally unnecessary—impalement.

It is in these speculations that Fredriksen's reasoning becomes weak. If modern scholars, surveying a mass of written evidence, are divided as to Jesus' message—some have indeed seen him as an anti-Roman revolutionary—how likely was Pilate to have known exactly what it was? Even if he knew that Jesus posed no conscious threat to Roman authority, might not his apocalyptic language have inspired politically effective resistance, armed or otherwise?

Though it does not replace the classic treatment of E. P. Sanders, *Jesus and Judaism* (which it closely resembles), Fredriksen's book is shorter, more accessible, and more engagingly written. Christians, naturally, will wonder about the relationship of the historical Jesus she so carefully reconstructs to the Christ of their faith. A hardheaded historian without evident theological interests, Fredriksen does not address this. But if Sanders and Fredriksen are correct, the Church, following Paul, was more critical of rigorous Torah observance than are Conservative and Reform Judaism, whereas Jesus himself lived a traditional observant life. How the Church can integrate that insight into its life and teachings today is a question neither Cahill nor Fredriksen addresses. It is not a question that is likely to go away. **NR**

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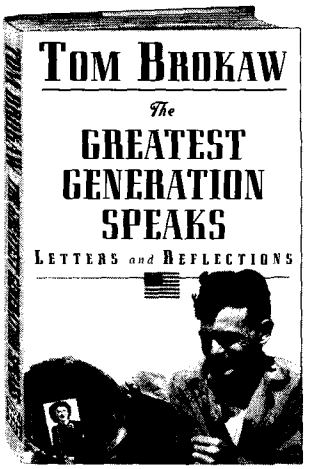

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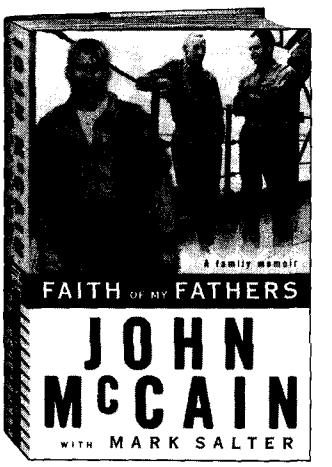

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From Fear to Pity

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

In Siberia, by Colin Thubron
(HarperCollins, 288 pp., $26)

COLIN THUBRON first visited the Soviet Union at the height of its powers, in the closing years of the Brezhnev era. *Among the Russians*, the travel book he then wrote, begins with the unforgettable sentence, "I had been afraid of Russia ever since I could remember." It was an appropriate Cold War response. The Russians were then a universal menace. Whatever were they asking of themselves, and of us? How could they unleash such violence, to such deliberately murderous ends? These were questions quite as much human as political.

A marvelous reporter of detail that builds into the big picture, Thubron sought only humdrum encounters with humdrum people. He speaks enough Russian to pass as some sort of a native, perhaps an Estonian.

The scent of something gangrenous infused the whole trip. Death was in the air. As a key to the upheaval that was about to happen, that travel book of his was truer than innumerable editorials and learned books about the permanent achievements of Communism.

After the collapse of the Soviet empire, he visited the Muslim republics of Central Asia that had just recovered their independence. Communism had cut these people off from their past so thoroughly that they now had almost no identity at all. As he described it in *The Lost Heart of Asia*, they were going through the motions of existence like dream-figures disconnected from reality.

Now comes a third book in this extraordinary series of Russian travelogues. Siberia! It is an area larger than the United States and Europe combined, with immense rivers, Lake Baikal, endless forest, the taiga, and permafrost. But however impressive the geography, Siberia means Gulag, a perpetual symbol of the degradation and brutalization that was Communism in practice. Siberia stands for hell on earth.

As before, Thubron approaches his great theme through language. Page after page contains examples of the exact word needed to convey observation. Here is a lumbering train "munching away all night at the twelve hundred miles to Skovorodino." Here is a man whose face is "knotted around a spread nose." Or a woman: "Bulging cheeks had squeezed her eyes and mouth to pampered dots." The skyline at one point "crinkles" and streams "come slithering out of forested hills." Crumbling Stalinist architecture seems to be "moaning," and his own boots start "mewing." The reader can trust a writer like this.

The passage through the wreckage of Communism begins to afflict Colin Thubron himself: 'Everything achieved under slavery, it seemed, was being destroyed by freedom.'

In the course of the journey, Thubron caught trains, buses, and airplanes. In his head was a great deal of learning. He knew about the long-ago Scythian and Mongolian cultures, from which remained a mummified Ice Princess and artifacts preserved in half-derelict provincial museums. Then came czarist conquest, and a Wild West style of fortune-hunting and boom. Eccentric foreigners left their mark, including a German polymath in search of flora and fauna, and a French engineer who put up a massive bridge. English missionaries arrived, but they failed to make a single convert. In rebellion against Russian Orthodoxy, schismatics like the Old Believers fled here to worship according to their beliefs.

Communism wrenched aside all nat-

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ural development. First to suffer were the many indigenous peoples and tribes known mainly to ethnographers. Once fishermen and herders of reindeer, they had the skills to survive the climate but were defenseless against the life forced on them by Marxist ideology. Thubron crosses the paths of tragic handfuls of these native Siberians, deprived of their own culture but neither Sovietized nor Russianized, drinking themselves into oblivion.

The last czar and his family were shot down in a house in Yekaterinburg, but the building no longer exists. Thubron shared a meal with a drunk who was squatting in its overgrown garden. Not so far away was Pokrovskoye, where another drunk claimed to be a relation of Rasputin, once the last czarina's confidant and the place's most famous inhabitant. Houses in other remote villages where Lenin and Stalin were exiled are now also semi-derelict museums.

Omsk, Novosibirsk, Krasnoyarsk, and other Soviet-built cities are largely man-made disasters, the public buildings and apartment blocks so many instant ruins, and all enveloped in pollution. Human activity appears to be suspended indefinitely. Akademgorodok was once the center of Soviet science, with a score of specialized research institutes. Now there are no programs, and salaries are not paid. A once powerful general secretary complains in fury to Thubron, "I don't know what policy drives our government, or even if it has one."

A few aged Communists defend the past: Agrippina Doroskova, for one, a 90-year-old crone who is writing a four-volume local history in praise of Lenin and Stalin. Her message is that "Russia will be victorious." More numerous and more representative, the young are pessimists. Svetlana, a teacher, explains that now "I have nothing absolute to teach." Anyone who wants a life, says Shamil, has to get out of here. Bitterness and disillusion receive no answer.

The passage through the wreckage of Communism begins to afflict Thubron himself. "Everything achieved under slavery, it seemed," he comments, "was being destroyed by freedom." In search of faith, of hope, or of anything that

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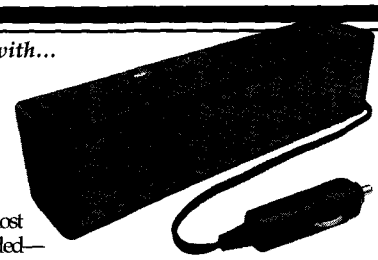

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might drive away the deepening despair he sees on so many faces, he joins a party of barrel-chested ladies on a pilgrimage to a monastery that monks are in the process of building on the site of a labor camp. In Komsomolsk a former KGB officer has turned into a Baptist minister, preserving his old uniform safe

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Thubron goes to Butugychag, where corpses had to be stacked, as they could not be buried in the permafrost.

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in a cupboard. A Polish priest is making Catholic converts as he travels up and down the Yenisei River. Some villages of Old Believers survive, and here and there in the wilds are shamans and Buddhist lamas as well, again more like dream-figures than real survivors.

Three times Thubron goes to the far north, to the extremes of Gulag, to Vorkuta, to the mines of Dudinka, finally to Magadan and the Kolyma complex of camps, including Butugychag, where corpses had to be stacked, as they could not be buried in the permafrost. It is possible to pick a way through the camps, the rotting barracks, and the cells with frozen walls where a prisoner would die within hours. Here are burnt-out stoves, broken windows, rusted metal and wire, and the wreckage of the mines and sheds in which millions of innocent men and women were worked to death. The end of the world must be like this.

Imagine Thubron, so English and so solitary, a writer to his fingertips, a lean man with cropped hair, a quizzical expression, and boots that are mewing as he walks and reflects in this landscape of ice and blizzards and absolute inhumanity. He wanted to find some unity or shape to human destiny, and he has done so. Fear of Russia is a thing of the past, and pity for the living and the dead instead fills this book with the purpose and beauty of prayer. **NR**

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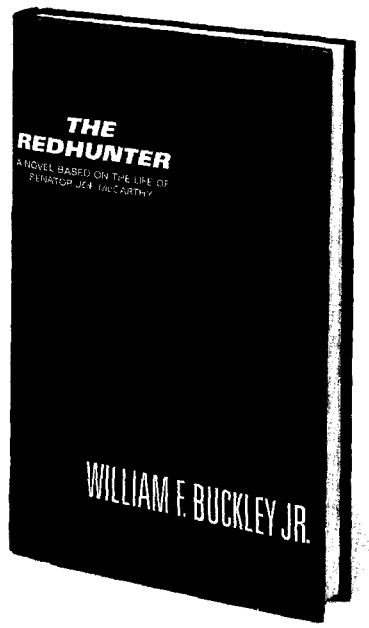
—**Geoffrey Wheatcroft**, *The Wall Street Journal*



THE REDHUNTER • A Novel Based on the Life of Senator Joe McCarthy by William F. Buckley Jr.

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■ **FILM** ■

Driving in Circles

JOHN SIMON

BEWARE of movies in which a mother and daughter hop into a car and head west. West, sooner or later, means California, which, after some unpleasant moments, is reached in both the awful ***Anywhere But Here*** and the marginally better ***Tumbleweeds***. Both movies center on the mother, portrayed as in equal measure impossible and irresistible. Funny how, on occasion, very similar movies arrive as twins. Not identical twins, but still kindred enough in both their virtues (negligible) and vices (considerable) to put the fear of mother-and-daughter films into every manly bosom.

The mother-monster as benevolent or not-so-benevolent despot is, to be sure, a staple of literature, theater, and film. She is Amanda Wingfield in Tennessee Williams's *Glass Menagerie*; she culminates in Lorca's *House of Bernarda Alba* as the eponymous anti-heroine ruining the lives of fully five daughters. But in both new movies the intent is to get away from the mother as someone to merely hate and fear, or simply deplore and laugh at. Rather the mother is part grotesque troll, part pitiable victim of an unhappy marriage, emerging in the facile, feel-goodish end as the object of belated filial understanding and newfound affection.

The big-studio movie is *Anywhere But Here*, with Susan Sarandon as the maternal madcap, and Natalie Portman as the teenage martyr. The film is based on the reputedly decent 1987 novel by Mona Simpson, which I haven't read, and which may take better to paper than to celluloid, though the screenplay is by that canny old hand Alvin Sargent. That it is autobiographical one deduces from the fact that its chief emotional focus is on the daughter's embarrassment, which, as the engine in a relationship, is more germane to life than to fiction. In fiction, especially film, a

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motor of greater horsepower is needed.

With Sarandon and Portman, we know from the outset that traumatic situations will resolve themselves amicably: The star actress must not lose out in sympathy to a newcomer. On the road, in the middle of nowhere, Sarandon pushes the petulant Portman, as warned, out of the car. She drives off cheerily, leaving the defiant but anguished Portman in a landscape so deserted as not to sprout even a single vehicle to be thumbed down.

Now we know full well that no mother, with the possible exception of Medea, would abandon her child to such doom, and, sure enough, after a suitably chastening interval, Mother's gaudy Mercedes (far too grand for her small-town, lower-middle-class Michigan background) comes barreling back to the rescue of prodigal daughter by prodigal mother. This liminal episode telegraphs the rest: much ado, if not quite about nothing, not about serious adversity.

■

Susan Sarandon, a powerful actress when contained, overacts formidably in *Anywhere But Here.*

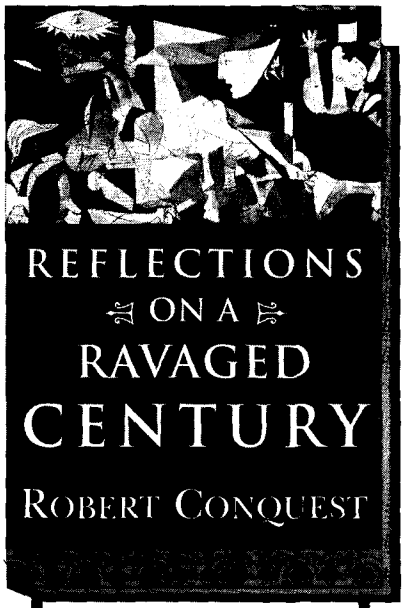
■

Once in Los Angeles, Mother becomes both more poseurishly impossible and improbably naïve, hard to fit inside one person. Her vaultingly mendacious chatter, whether to the staff of a luxury hotel she couldn't possibly afford or to a policeman about to give her a speeding ticket she can't afford either, is so grandiosely voluble that you wonder how anyone could put up with it for a minute; in the case of the cop it is only Daughter's dramatic action that saves the day. That a similar situation should recur years later with the same traffic cop may be possible in life, but seems too quirky for fiction.

That both mother and daughter soldier on is entirely plausible, even if Daughter's interrupted romance with the nice boy she had to leave back home (and that ends in drama) and mother-and-daughter's visit in Michigan (also ending in drama) do not ring quite true, largely because insufficiently developed characters and situations are sprung on us, clamoring for unearned empathy. The mother's terrible naïveté that might just have passed in the period of the novel is preposterous in the movie, set in the present. Thus Mother is devastated when her fling with a manifestly philandering dentist is ended by him as fast as it began. Thus, too, a high-school classmate who would have sex with Daughter is so ludicrously frightened and inept that she has to seduce him.

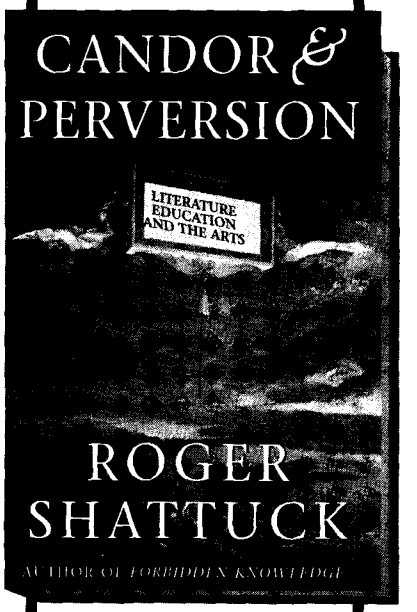
Sarandon, a powerful actress when contained, overacts formidably under Wayne Wang's uncertain direction. Natalie Portman, as beautiful as she is talented, is confined to near-constant surliness that affords little histrionic leeway. There is, however, one memorable scene. At a party Daughter gives for her school chums, the girls persuade her to phone her father, Mom's first husband, who took off and was never heard from. Living far away with a new family, he does not relish this unexpected phone call. Although a trifle far-fetched, the scene—sharply written, well directed with exciting and cannily edited shots, and compellingly acted by all—exudes a sobering realism. If only the rest of *Anywhere But Here* were like that.

In *Tumbleweeds*, the daughter (Kimberly J. Brown) is a couple of years younger, and her mother, played by the British stage leading lady Janet McTeer, is sexually more active yet existentially as simple as the Sarandon mother. Here, too, the daughter is a bit too knowing, the mother a bit too flamboyant. But things are a trifle more believable, although coincidence again has a heavy hand and motivation is at times rather perfunctory. Still, there are hardly any stick figures, and no gratuitous heartbreak. The chief problem is that Gavin O'Connor, the director and coauthor (with his ex-wife, Angela Shelton, whose story this basically is), fails badly as an actor. He



"Pioneering . . . a case study in collective delusion."

—*National Review*



"Shattuck is both an exemplary reader and a disturbing moralist, in my judgment surpassing Camus."

—*Harold Bloom*

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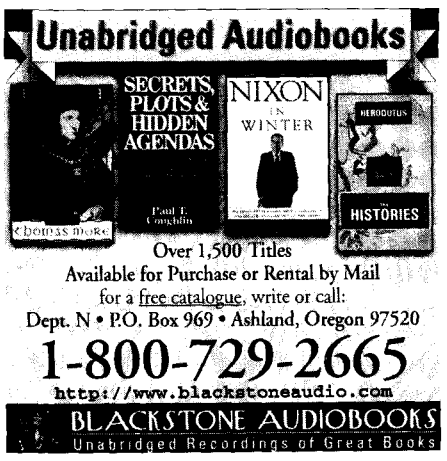
plays Jack, the trucker with whom McTeer and Brown move in, with a stolidity bordering on imbecility, and seriously imbalances the picture. But at least the two actresses, and several others, are impeccable.

■ Woody Allen's films are sometimes vastly entertaining, sometimes devastatingly flatfooted. ***Sweet and Lowdown***, in which he vents his love of jazz, just avoids rock bottom. Allen is best when he chronicles comic or wistful megalopolitan relationships, worst when he strays, however slightly, from that schema.

In *Sweet and Lowdown*, he invents a supreme jazz guitarist, Emmet Ray, surpassed only by "that French gypsy, Django Reinhardt." He introduces himself and other real-life aficionados as narrators, telling Ray's story in fragments, and sometimes in different versions, all shown. This effectively—and artsily—undermines the narrative drive, pretty sluggish anyway. Ray plays his guitar, shoots pool, shoots rats in city dumps, and watches trains go by. He likes to inflict the last two hobbies on his exasperated womenfolk. But of keenly observed man-woman, and even man-man, relations, there is precious little here.

One girlfriend, beautifully played by Samantha Morton, is a mute, possibly because Morton is British and would not have sounded right. But nothing meaningful is made of her mutism. The next main woman, and wife, acceptably acted by Uma Thurman, is a writer who keeps bugging one and all with queries about what runs through their heads when they do whatever they do. This gets repeated ad nauseam, as does the running gag about Ray being the best jazz guitarist except for that French gypsy, who makes him faint when he hears or so much as sees him. Not funny.

Sean Penn, a masterly actor, is hamstrung in the sterile and repetitious role of Ray; among the other men, only the good Anthony LaPaglia gets a chance as a gangster's droll bodyguard. Even so, in this thin movie, he astounds most by the weight he has put on. Perhaps the film could have profited by focusing on the world's first-best jazz guitarist. **NR**



■ BOOKS IN BRIEF ■

Architects of Victory: Six Heroes of the Cold War, by Joseph Shattan (Heritage Foundation, 342 pp., $14.95)

WHETHER or not all history is really biography, nothing makes the story of the Cold War more vivid than to recall the handful of individuals whose courage and moral clarity made a difference. Joseph Shattan tells the tale through the careers of six genuine heroes—Europeans and Americans, statesmen and intellectuals. It's an intelligent (and not entirely predictable) selection: Harry Truman, for his steadfastness in the Berlin airlift and Greek-Turkish aid and his vision in the Marshall Plan and formation of the Atlantic Alliance; Winston Churchill, for his unwavering clarity about Bolshevism and the clarion call he sounded at Fulton; Konrad Adenauer, who aligned free Germany unconditionally with the West and thereby gave the West the strategic high cards in Central Europe; Alexander Solzhenitsyn, whose eye-opening documentation of the Gulag, smuggled to the West at extraordinary personal risk, utterly transformed public (and intellectual) opinion in both Western Europe and America; Pope John Paul II, whose courage electrified his native Poland and inspired the anti-Communist movements that shook the East; and, last but not least, Ronald Reagan, whose moral and strategic leadership threw the "Evil Empire" decisively on the defensive. Each story is a slice of history. Experts might quibble with points here and there, but the research and analysis are superb, as is the writing. Especially for the younger generations who did not live through it, an invaluable primer on our recent history.

—PETER W. RODMAN

From Yalta to Berlin: The Cold War Struggle over Germany, by W. R. Smyser (St. Martin's, 465 pp., $29.95)

THE division of Germany was, let us not forget, the central geopolitical issue of the Cold War, as Stalin and his successors attempted to drive out the Western presence and thereby dominate Central Europe. That the West would stand fast for 45 years and witness the collapse of the Soviet foothold in Germany was never foreordained, or even expected, through several decades of Berlin crises. Smyser's illuminating history will remain, for some time to come, the definitive one. Based on newly opened Soviet and East German files (along with U.S. and West German documents), as well as his personal experience as one of the State Department's top experts, it tells the story with vivid detail and shrewd insight. Among the revelations: how close the Kennedy administration came to giving up West Berlin under Soviet pressure (including how the East Germans interpreted Kennedy's weakness as a green light to build the Wall); how Khrushchev's installation of missiles in Cuba was meant as bargaining leverage for yet another Berlin crisis he was planning; how the West's steadfastness in deploying Pershings and cruise missiles in 1983, and Reagan's INF Treaty in 1987, broke the back of the Soviet strategy of seeking military dominance in Central Europe; and how Gorbachev refused Erich Honecker's entreaties to order Soviet troops to help suppress East German demonstrators in 1989. The book closes with a sobering analysis of the prospects and temptations facing today's united Germany—once again the pivotal, if not the dominant, factor in all of Europe.

—PETER W. RODMAN

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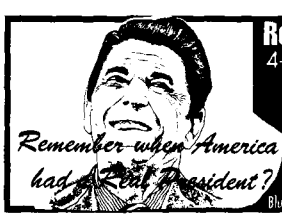

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

A Question Only of Guilt?

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19

THE Hillsdale story is well into its second, even third life, and is threatening nine lives, with stories being prepared or contemplated in *Time*, *The New Yorker*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Mad Magazine*. The grisly details:

1. Hillsdale, under the management of George Roche III (1971–1999), became the most prominent conservative college in the country.

2. The president's son (George Roche IV) married a fellow graduate of Hillsdale (Lissa), and both went to work for the college, he as a history instructor and physical education teacher, she as an editor.

3. Roche III divorced his wife and, a few months later, remarried. Hospitalized for chronic diabetes, he was visited by son and daughter-in-law. Lissa accused Roche III of having had sex with her for two decades and now forsaking her for his new wife. Roche III (one reading) looked at her, undenying, saying nothing; (another reading) stared at her in dumb disbelief.

4. Lissa goes home, gets a gun, and kills herself.

5. The trustees, advised of what had gone on, suspend Roche III. Ten days later they convene, meet with Roche III and Roche IV, retire Roche III without prejudice, and appoint William Bennett and this columnist to head up a search committee for a new president.

6. A gathering of the entire college takes place to renew dedication to the high purposes of Hillsdale. No mention is made of Roche III's alleged perfidy.

7. William Bennett resigns from the search committee on the grounds that Hillsdale hasn't come clean, that there is a smell of a cover-up.

8. Buckley writes (in NATIONAL REVIEW) that in his judgment the trustees did what they thought best for Hillsdale and lacked grounds for treating Roche III as guilty without reasonable doubt.

The testimony of a woman who committed suicide, and of a distraught husband, was weighed against protestations of innocence by the man the trustees knew as president and respected as icon, as also presumptions of innocence owed to presidents and non-presidents.

The public question, egged on by Mr. Bennett's resignation from the search committee, actually homes in on one point: Did he actually do it?

The attitude of many at Hillsdale is one of disappointment and frustration that no clearer resolution was effected than what is viewed as purely clerical arrangements: Roche III is jettisoned from Hillsdale; he qualifies for his pension; and no repudiation of him is made. The campus is put through a ritual convocation at which the trustees are not heard from on the issue of guilt or innocence, and at which the incarnation of the flowering of Hillsdale College, from unknown, purposeless, and broke, to affluent, committed, and famous, is—vaporized. He is not there physically. He has left no message for the community. There is nobody to do an epithalamium marrying his ideals and his honor to the college.

"If he was innocent"—Mr. Bennett spoke over the telephone—"why didn't he assert his innocence, defend himself, cry out against an injustice?"

Good question.

The Weekly Standard's Tucker Carlson asks, "Do *you* believe he was guilty?"

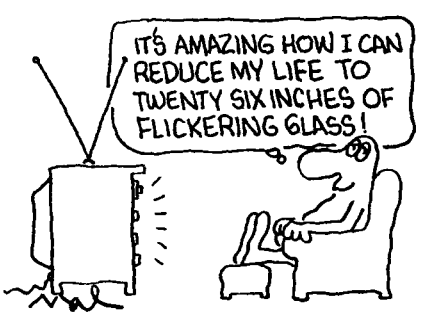
To the first question one answer is that the fighting spirit is sometimes dulled, perhaps more understandably so when there is sickness, tragedy, and isolation. George Roche was enfeebled physically, struck by the human tragedy, and apparently forsaken by his community. These factors should not be decisive, but they are illuminating.

The answer to the second question has to be: You should not ask it, and I will not answer it.

Such questions excite the tabloid appetites. Giving them free expression can bring on moral hangovers.

A third commentator, reacting to an editorial in NATIONAL REVIEW, says, "My visceral reaction to your editorial was bewilderment. Your statement that Roche 'gave his word as a Christian that he is innocent of this particular wrongdoing, and fellow Christians should accept the formal implications of his pleading' struck me as a pious anachronism, like a plea for reinstituting trial by ordeal." But then the comment on that point is immediately answered by the questioner, himself a graduate of Hillsdale: "Upon further reflection, perhaps it is to be regretted that it does strike me as an anachronism, for it serves to drive home the point that I am very much a creature of this age—what your friend Whittaker Chambers referred to as a 'spiritual vagrant.' "

Is it then possible to draw one's eyes away from the lurid scene? For instance to ask: Who might be a suitable president for Hillsdale III? As a member of the search committee I proffer the names of Hadley Arkes of Amherst, or Kenneth Starr, lately of Washington. Or is it distracting to focus merely on the future of Hillsdale College?



Vajpayee Got Your Tongue?

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 9

GOVERNOR BUSH (George) got into trouble for breach of orthodoxy the other day. His big problem wasn't that he couldn't remember a name or two of a foreign dignitary or two. That was a bum rap. The mind travels to a meeting of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee in 1958. President Eisenhower had submitted the name of an obliging Republican businessman as ambassador to Ceylon.

What, the candidate was asked by a Democratic committee member, is the name of the prime minister of Ceylon? The nominee blanched. I was, that afternoon, visiting with a former foreign editor of *Time* (Whittaker Chambers), fluent in foreign names. He laughed over the episode and wondered, "How could *anybody* forget the name of Solomon West Ridgeway Bandaranaike?"

How indeed, since to the Western ear there is music in the structure of the name, but none at all in: Pervaiz Musharraf, to say nothing of Aslan Maskhadov, let alone Atal Behari Vajpayee. Some names, some lines, are easy for anglophones to remember. Orson Bean, the inventive humorist, said that there were two beautiful verbal products in the American language:

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Yucca Flats and Fernando Lamas. As he intoned it, Yyy . . . ukkka Flaats, and Fernaaaaannndo Lamas. Gertrude Stein thought the prettiest conceivable combination of sounds in the English language was "Toasted Susie is my ice cream."

Well, Gov. George wasn't being playful when he failed to come up with the names of those fancy people, but he blurted out a very unfancy idea, namely that the coup d'état in Pakistan was an okay development. Gasp! How can an anti-democratic coup add up to a welcome development? In the hours and days immediately ahead, the facts streamed in about the corruption and desolation of the democratic government of Nawaz Sharif. The *New York Times*'s William Safire got through to a Pakistani wise-man/diplomat whose name (Sahabzada Yaqub Khan) even Al Gore probably would have a hard time coming up with. He consoles us with the news that the interruption of democracy in Pakistan is almost certainly temporary. As with Franco's interruption of democracy in Spain, Allende's in Chile, the government in Algeria. But the problem of protocol is there: Our political figures are not supposed to welcome a coup against a democratically elected leader, even if common sense tells you otherwise, as in Chile in 1973, where the democratically elected leader was shredding an article from the Constitution for breakfast.

Democracies have working for them one considerable historical claim, which is that no democratic country has in this century initiated military aggression against another democracy. The damage done, in unruly democratic experience, tends to be internal. The damage Peron did was to Argentines, not Brazilians. The Algerian government had to choose, in 1992, between turning the country over to Muslim fundamentalists or suspending the judgment of the majority. Algeria had enough nightmares in recent memory to eschew another, and has kept the fundamentalists at bay.

The most arresting orientation of U.S. diplomatic policy is in the matter of Milosevic. A few months ago the president was declaring that Milosevic was the equivalent of Hitler. In pursuit of that point, and in an attempt (futile) to spare the lives of Albanian Kosovars, the president initiated, and NATO endorsed, eleven weeks of saturation bombing of selected targets. The idea was that a settled world could not do business with Hitler, so Milosevic would have to go.

He yielded, finally, and we imposed a blockade which we vowed to maintain for as long as Milosevic was head of state. Then, last week, the government revised its formula. If Yugoslavia sponsored democratic elections, we would end the blockade—even if Milosevic were reelected!

That reveals the primordial tug of formalistic democracy in the mind of President Clinton. Milosevic is akin to Hitler. Democracy is king. If democracy licenses Milosevic, then Milosevic must be appeased. And Hitler?

Head to Toe Exam: U.S.A., 1999

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2

WILLIAM J. BENNETT has an updated survey of social pressure points which he calls *The Index of Leading Cultural Indicators: American Society at the End of the Twentieth Century*.

It is engrossing. Some of it one is glad to see—reductions in welfare, violent crime, abortion, AIDS, divorce, and suicide; upswings in SAT scores and charitable giving. But yes, some startling data on the other side of the ledger.

Since 1960, our population has increased by 48 percent. Foreign-born Americans have about doubled since 1960 (from 5.4 percent to 9.7). Even taking into account recent improvements, violent crime is up 467 percent in 40 years. The number of state and federal prisoners is up 463 percent (a nice correspondence!). Out-of-wedlock births are up 461 percent. The number of children living in single-parent households is up threefold.

Additional highlights: Since 1990, homicide in New York is down 66 percent. Other major cities are also improved, if less markedly (Washington, D.C., is 36 percent improved), down to sin-hotbed Baltimore, where homicides are actually up, by 2 percent.

Out-of-wedlock births are 32 percent nationally—the highest in D.C. at 64 percent; the lowest, Utah at 17 percent. Abortions tend to go along, year after year, at about the same rate, approximately 26 percent of all pregnancies.

There are surprises when looking over our shoulder at other (senior) countries. Some contrasts are startling. Over here, gonorrhea is king. Per 100,000 people in the U.S., 150 have the infection. The figure comes crashing down in Canada: at 19 people, about one-tenth the U.S. rate. How on *earth* do we account for that? The highest, after the U.S., is England with a mere 34; gonorrhea is practically unknown in Denmark, Germany, and Sweden.

Is that infection an aspect of ignorance? In fourth-grade-mathematics scores we come in twelfth, though ahead of Israel, England, and Norway. General SAT scores increased a little in the last decade, up 16 points; but the decrease since 1960 is at 59 points. Is any of this traceable to stinginess in spending on education? Apparently not: In 1960 we spent $2,400 per student; in 1998 (measured in constant dollars), $6,900. Only Switzerland and Austria spend more per student; and we spend almost twice again as much as France, England, and Germany.

What about teacher/pupil ratio? One teacher, 26 students in 1960; one teacher, 17 students today. Might inattention to studies reflect hours devoted to television? The television is turned on *seven hours and twelve minutes per day* in the average household. It was high (5 hours, 6 min.) in 1960. The survey narrows and observes 9-year-olds—how many of them watch TV in the U.S. more than five hours per day? Answer: 21 percent. In European countries the figure is between 4 percent (Germany) and 17 percent (Spain).

And guess where is the highest violent crime rate? *New Zealand!* What's going on? And in England—jolly old gunless England—violent crime is greater, per capita, than our own; and ours is half again higher than Italy's. More people get married in the U.S. than anywhere else in the industrial world—at twice the rate of France and Italy. Perhaps because more Americans marry, the divorce rate is higher: twice that of France and Germany.

Mr. Bennett uses language different from the emollient mode of politicians on the make. "The nation we live in today is more violent and vulgar, coarse and cynical, rude and remorseless, deviant and depressed, than the one we once inhabited." The politician is interested in social problems only if there is an opportunity there to spend more money. We don't need more money to teach children, we need other things—so not much is being said about what to do about SAT scores. The central social problem is, of course, illegitimate births. If we had $100 billion extra per year to devote to the problem, how would we spend it? Therefore . . . no political talk about single parenthood. How would money help in diminishing the divorce rate? Dunno, pardner. Try the Reform party.

It's a sorry state, but there are the bright spots, and Mr. Bennett shines light on them.

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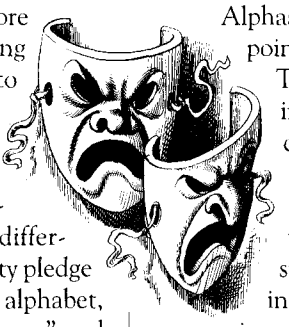
■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

UNINTENDED consequences strikes again. All politicians promise to "do something about education," but now, at long last, one of them has delivered. Thanks to Al Gore's masculine-image problems, Americans are learning the Greek alphabet.

These are dumbed-down times, so we haven't gotten beyond the first two letters, but that's enough to explain Al Gore. A leader must be a dominant, aggressive alpha male, but Gore is a submissive, fear-grinning beta male who never tries to mate because the females would just reject him and the alpha male would kill him.



Women have always instinctively understood this difference. Back when I was a sorority pledge memorizing the entire Greek alphabet, alpha males were called "real men" and beta males were called "drips," but these simple categories vanished in the Seventies when Jane Goodall and Dian Fossey took to the jungle and made faces for the documentary cameras. The contemporaneous emergence of the "gorilla ladies" and early feminism sciencized up what women already knew and cast a pseudo-anthropological veneer over girl talk. Men became "males" and watching National Geographic specials replaced perusing old yearbooks.

Alphabetized men are once again in the news thanks to Naomi Wolf, the garrulous sibyl with the *Charlie's Angels* hair who is employed as Al Gore's valet. Whether or not she advised him to be Alpha Gore—she claims she did not—she has given Campaign 2000 a unique twist. Now the whole country is looking at the candidates and wondering, "Which one is the ape?"

When the American woman expresses a desire for alpha males, she means something all her own, an ersatz ideal extending beyond established systems of biology and ethics into a dense jungle of predatory fallacies and feral oxymorons that can change color to blend in with whatever they land on. As in any National Geographic special, first you see it, then you don't.

To survive in this gynecratic terra incognita, the American alpha male must understand that being too aggressive is "unacceptable." He can sow his seed as much as he likes as long as he pays child support. He should be a good father, but under no condition should he be a strict father, because patriarchal dominance must be stamped out. The Alphas have already caved on this point, judging from the raft of TV ads featuring men gazing in limpid adoration at children. The AFLAC Dad buys insurance "Because he has his mother's eyes," while the MasterCard Dad spends his vacation staring intently at his son and intoning, "Remembering who you work for is priceless."

This sounds like bad news for hot-tempered John McCain, but guess again. As McCain's former press secretary explained it, "He gets very angry when people attack his family, his wife." How angry? When the *Arizona Republic* ran a cartoon insulting to McCain's wife, he stopped speaking to them for a year. He got even madder over an article in the *Phoenix New Times*: "He didn't speak to me for five years," said the reporter. Andrew Jackson fought duels over insinuations about his wife, but he was "out of control." McCain drops pins so his enemies will know there's a lot more silence where that came from.

According to Elizabeth Drew, some Republicans are using "temper" as a code word to suggest that McCain is unstable. That "temper" has become synonymous with crazy proves that masculinity has been soccer-mommed to death, so McCain's place in the Greek alphabet is a moot point.

Then there's the scion of the Grecian alphabet. It's instructive to compare him to another George—Georges-Jacques Danton, the French Revolution leader and one of history's premier alpha males.

A son of the soil, the boy Danton was kicked in the face by a cow when he bent under her and squirted milk into his mouth from her udder. His nose was broken and his cheekbones crushed. A few years later, he was kicked in the face again, this time by a bull (today's image-makers would make much of the gender balance), and suffered a broken jaw. By now his broad peasant visage looked like a clenched fist, but it wasn't over yet. A bout with smallpox left him pitted.

He acted on women like catnip; they couldn't keep their hands off him. He bedded them all, but he also adored his wife and boasted that he made love to her every night. When she died suddenly while he was away from Paris, he rushed back as soon as he got word. Going directly to the cemetery, he dug up her grave, pried open her coffin, and, sobbing wildly, covered her corpse with kisses.

George W. missed a New Hampshire debate to watch his wife receive an award from Southern Methodist University. Our only conceivable answer to Danton is Steve Forbes, who has a pitted face.

The surest sign of an alpha male is that he is alpha even in extremis. The spectacle of a powerful man brought low has the somber magnificence of the death throes of a bull elephant, as we see in Nancy Hale's poem on the death of Darius the Great.

Then all the frightened generals ran away.
But first they slashed and jabbed at him with knives.
To the invader, and to save their lives
They left him, bleeding, in the early day.
When the impatient Macedonian
Rode up, victorious and strong of heart,
He found this pitiful subject for his slaughter:
Omnipotent Asia, dying in a cart;
The King of Kings, a lone abandoned man,
Who choked, and rolled his eyes, and called for water.

If the jogging George W. had been fatally buried under a pile of debris from that errant dump truck, the word "tragedy" would have echoed through the land as it always does at such times, but omnipotent Asia dying in a cart would have morphed into Dagwood Bumstead going splat. **NR**

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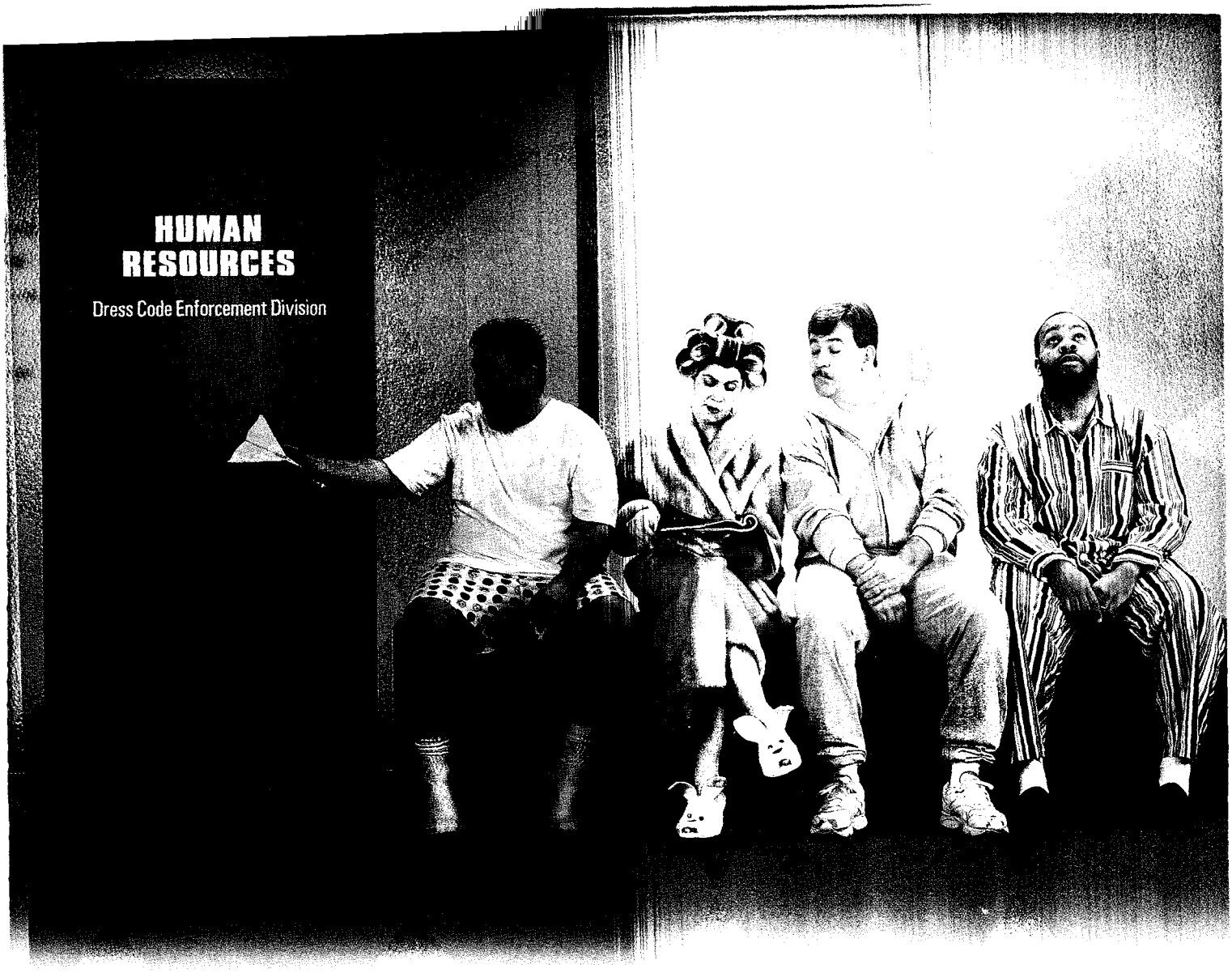

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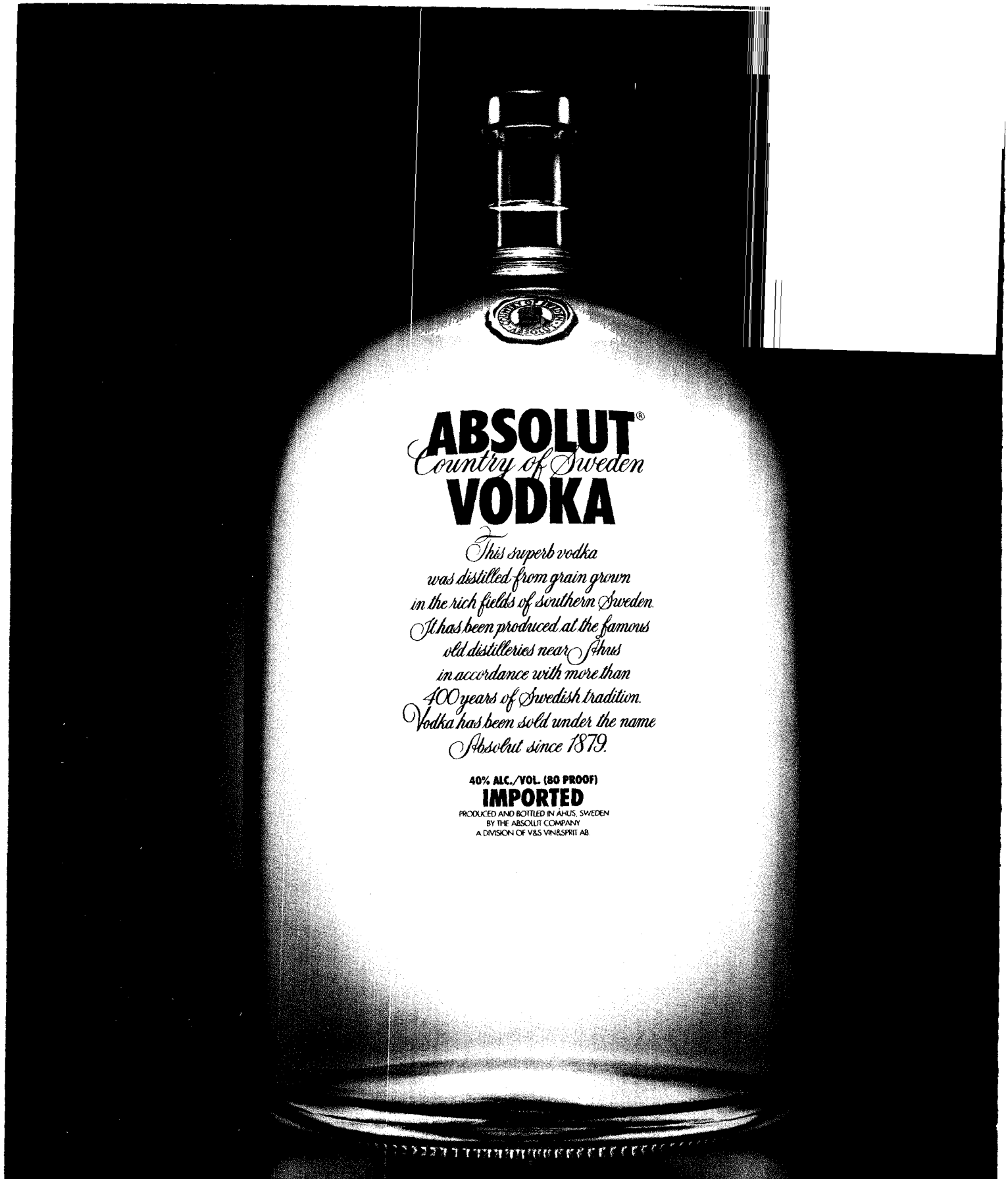
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